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LETTERS TO THE EVENING POST

WRITTEN

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

1869.

By SAMUEL OSGOOD D.D., LL.D.

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## PREFACE.

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The letters, contained in these two volumes, were published in the New York Evening Post in 1869 and 1870. Those in the first volume were written in Europe and those in the second after the author's return. The printing of them by his daughter has been indeed a labor of love, done with the knowledge that the book would be cherished by the family and inner friends of the author.

These letters, off-hand and often times abrupt, were virtually the diary of a seven months' vacation. A journey begun in much weariness of body and spirit, after the struggle of life, faith, and work had been most bitter, but which brought with it an invigorating contact with great minds and the sustaining influence of a great faith.

The author had long been a lover of nature, a student of philosophy and an interpreter of deep

Christian truth, but while in the Unitarian brotherhood, in his exalted moods, he walked alone. The Mother Church and her clergy in the Mother Country gave him welcome, and he returned home to enter the fellowship of her Liturgy, and during the ten succeeding years, the most fruitful and brightest of his life, the peace of the great Fellowship remained with him, and his watchword to the end was Sursum Corda.

M. O. W.

Waldstein, Fairfield, Ct.

May 24, 1890.

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## A GLIMPSE OF IRELAND.



London, June 4, 1869.

We touched the Green Isle early on Friday morning, May 21, after a charming passage of eight and a half days in the Scotia, that cost me no loss of appetite and no unhappy rebellion of the stomach in its care of its daily bread. This was my first sight of Europe, and a surprise indeed it was ; the land was a vision of strange beauty, the greenest land that I had ever seen, a bright emerald set with mosaics of buildings and flowers.

The custom-house officers overhauled our baggage somewhat mildly, and forty-four Americans strong, we climbed the wharf to solid ground. The first object was not wholly a sign of a free and prosperous country, and the poor little donkey staggering under a load of twelve large trunks that

would have been weight and bulk enough for two good New York drays and horses, seemed not a bad illustration of Ireland and its burdens, except that the donkey stands for the Irishman's hardship, not his stupidity—a trait that abounds more in the dull English power that has so stultified itself in oppressing this province, and impoverished itself by robbing its subjects.

After a solid breakfast of excellent mutton and bread at the Queen's Hotel, the passage up the River Lee seven miles to Cork was most charming ; and the eight pence thus paid gave more delight than any like sum I ever spent. At every turn in the little stream some new surprise opened—some church or villa, some stately mansion or venerable ruin. The scene is, however, less feudal in its character than in its look, and most of the fine estates are owned or built by recent money-makers ; one of the most conspicuous of these being the work of a prosperous butter merchant ; and a stately tower, a memorial of Father Matthew, being the offering of a prosperous tailor to the name of that cold-water apostle. I was surprised at what low rates fine houses and grounds could be rented, and that £150 or £200 a year could secure an estate that would

not shame one of our merchants as a summer residence.

Cork is a strange old place and has few attractions to a stranger, but the neighborhood is charming; and the drive up the Lee to Blarney is through fairy land. I will not venture upon dry minute description, lest I might repeat the error of most travellers, who do little more than rehearse the contents of the guide-books, with amplifications that are not always improvements. Our guide, the driver of our jaunting car, Sheridan, was a character, and with something of the talking gift of his name and race, and quite ready to claim acquaintance with us on the score of our Phil. Sheridan, who was sure to be of his stock, although not quite a first cousin. His tongue seemed to be more sober and grateful after we gave him his fill of bread, cheese and ale at the Widow Smith's, near Blarney Castle, that grand old ruin which carries four or five centuries of history in its stones and its ivy. It is commanded now, not by Cromwell's cannon on the neighboring heights, but by the tall chimney of the flax factory, which Belfast money-makers have built between the Castle and Cork. These are new times, and the sciences and arts are building, in a new way, the

fortresses of power and pride.

There are two national schools in the village of Blarney, and I went into the one nearest the road. It was in a low stone cottage and had ten or twelve little children under the charge of a bright young woman. She was from the North of Ireland, and had a New England look of independence and intelligence. She was supported by national funds under the Episcopal rector, and said that most of the children of the place were Catholic, and went to the national school kept by the priest; a large building within sight. I asked the scholars to point out America on the map, and a lively little girl ran to the wall and put her finger on South America; and when asked again she pointed to North America. It rained and I did not venture to visit the large Catholic national school, but started for Cork after a lunch at the Widow Smith's little inn. A forlorn and spectral looking old fiddler followed us from the castle, playing old-fashioned tunes. I told the Widow to give him a little good cheer, when, to my surprise, instead of a glass of bright ale, such as she had given us, she turned out from a large vessel a full pint of strong porter, and in a more surprising manner, the solemn old man



emptied the pewter mug as rapidly as if he had been practising such speed under some juggler's instruction and with an expression of mild satisfaction at the achievement.

I had little opportunity of seeing the people of Cork together, and found that the only popular assembly that evening was at the theatre, where I sat an hour to see the strange antics of a thoroughly Irish play. The building was poor, and the assembly not brilliant, but the acting was good, and the animal spirits of the performers were amusing. The dancing was marvellous in muscular force and enthusiasm—very free, but not sensual—more savage than voluptuous, and almost frightful in its mad whirl. The cheap seats were crowded, and their occupants were most boisterous in their applause. It was worth the time and money to see a little of the Irish drama and its votaries; and the star, Miss Mary Holt, was to me a new type of dramatic art, although I am a poor judge, as my personal knowledge of actors comes from the rare pleasure of being at the theatre when Shakespeare is fitly presented, and to appreciate him, is to accept one of God's own gifts.

From Cork to Killarney, the ride is in many parts charming from the frequent union of lovely land-

scapes with picturesque ruins. Killarney itself took me by surprise from the quaint old style of its streets and people, and the unique beauty of its lakes and mountains. It was market day in the village when I arrived, and such an odd collection of wares and faces, costumes and characters, I never saw. Everything was for sale in the streets; and what staggered me most was the bags of a kind of seaweed set out among vegetables and tin ware for buyers. It was to be eaten raw, and esteemed a luxury like tobacco; but to my taste, for I tried it, it was offensive as any drift of the seashore, such as kelp or other seaweeds. Perhaps however, it was not worse to the natural taste than tobacco and that I abominate.

The drive through Lord Kenmare's magnificent grounds and deer park to the old Abbey of Aghadoe on the hill, was varied and interesting, and made a stranger wish for some intelligent interpreter of the associations of the neighborhood. I looked to the clergy, and with full yankee assurance sought out three of them at a venture, I found the old Episcopal vicar cross and eccentric. The scholarly and genial Mr. Herbert, a retired minister of the English Church, was absent from his pleasant

ancestral estate, with its odd house and avenue of old trees, and my only chance left was with the Bishop of Kerry, in his palace near the grand new Cathedral, that work of the elder Pugin's art.

The Bishop was most cordial, and talked an hour about America, Ireland and England, and led me at once into the mind of the Catholic clergy as to the great questions of the day. He evidently wishes to keep Ireland in union with England, and had rather be a British bishop in Ireland, free from Anglican church rule, than merely an Irish bishop with Ireland apart. He allows that Ireland is transferring its loyalty from England to America and does not like to see too many of his people emigrating. He struck me as a superior man, quite as much a statesman as a theologian, and I find that he has more the confidence of English churchmen than any Irish prelate; yet he is strong for the disendowment bill and thinks Gladstone honest, as well as wise, and that this bill will heal the worst hurts of the Irish. The people with whom I talked did not seem to think so, and insisted upon having a change in the land laws, especially some rights given to tenants over their leased land and its improvements. It looked as if there might be a split between priesthood and

people on this subject ; and it is already a very pressing question how far a cautious regard for the interests of the great landed proprietors, some of whom, like Lord Kenmare and his son, are Catholics with immense estates, will be allowed to keep the pulpit silent as to the rights of the poor tenants.

I was much struck with the enthusiasm for America among the Irish generally, and some of the manifestations of it were very odd as well as hearty, as when the stout old mother, at the gate of the Muckcross domain, prayed the Lord to take us safe back to America for there the best blood of Ireland was. The heart of the people seems to be in the Catholic Church, and the attendance at the Cathedral was large, and the services on Sunday were numerous to accommodate as many as possible, beginning, I believe, with the morning mass and a sermon in the old Irish tongue for the aboriginals. It was pleasant to see such a plenty of natural flowers in the church, especially the rhododendrons on the altars. The bishop's sermon was a plain, fatherly talk, and the best specimen of speaking that I have yet heard from any high church quarter here.

Some of us rode in the afternoon to that most romantic ruin, Muckcross Abbey, with its chapel and

cloisters in such good preservation. An Irish funeral was going on in the grounds, and I was surprised to find no priest nor religious service there, and to be told that the Catholic poor never had any burial service. The coffin was of plain boards covered with black cotton, and the name was rudely painted on a tin plate. The grave was close to the Abbey walls, and the old family grave-stone with its handsome carving showed that the family had seen better days. It was because there were three New York Quakers with me that I ventured to say a few words of Scripture over the body. "Dust to the dust whence it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it," with the simple remark that such is the usage in our country. I did not know but that this liberty of prophesying would be resented as an intrusion, but quite the contrary was the case, and the most obvious satisfaction was expressed. "That's right, that's right," was the hearty response.

We have some proof of the health of this region by the age of its inhabitants, and one stone bore the inscription, "Owen Shine, died April 6, 1847, aged 114 years." Lovely as well as healthy is this peerless Killarney; and there seemed to be a soul in the landscape of meadows and forests, lakes and

mountains, as if the spirit that once dwelt within the devotees in the old times, had passed into the scenery, and Nature kept the old faith and chanted the old psalms, like the Madonna who treasured up the words and held the spirit of Him whose body she had prepared with sweet spices for the tomb.

## ENGLAND.



Leamington, June 11, 1869.

One of the representative men of England whom I depended upon seeing, was Rev. John James Tayler so long known to scholars as a master of Christian literature, and for many years the most venerable and influential man of the English Unitarians. I reached London on the day of his death, and found his associate, Mr. Martineau, prostrated, not only by grief at the loss of a brother in fellowship, but also by the weight of care thrown upon him by the loss of a colleague in academic labor and general influence.

The funeral was on Thursday, June 3, and the occasion was interesting alike from the worth of the deceased and as an illustration of the habits of the English at the grave. We waited sometime within the gateway before the funeral procession appeared, and quite a large company of friends, especially from

the clergy, were thus drawn together, who conversed upon the great loss sustained by the death of their ripest scholar and most revered guide. At length the procession came, headed by a stately hearse drawn by four large black horses, draped in heavy folds of velvet, and attended by a retinue of assistants in conspicuous habiliments of mourning. Then followed a number of coaches, drawn by black horses with drivers also in mourning suits, and a train of private carriages closed the array.

The first part of the burial service was read in a very small chapel, by the side of the gate, where few could find room. I found it useless to seek entrance, but was comforted by the assurance, that all that belonged especially to the occasion would be said at the grave by the Rev. J. H. Thorn, of Liverpool, the cherished friend and associate of the deceased. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of men who were hidden under the folds of the pall, which was of velvet with a broad white border. A large company followed towards the open grave, where we had taken our stand. It was in sight of the monument of Faraday, whose name seemed to match, as well as to contrast, with Tayler's, and to illustrate, with his name, the poles of reverent thought in our age,



and to bring the study of nature into harmony with the wisdom that is from above. The grave was a deep vault of brick, and contained one coffin only, with iron bars from wall to wall above it to hold the new companion in that house of death.

The service there was only a prayer, yet it said almost everything that needed to be said, and was sermon and eulogy also ; choice and beautiful in thought and expression, yet low and monotonous in utterance, so that few could take the meaning. It was a gentle, loving and exquisite tribute to the friend departed, yet it would be hard to imagine a service more ineffective, so far as the assembly were concerned. We found it hard to hear any continuous sentences, and yearned for some outright hearty word of direct tribute to the deceased, that should distinguish the tone of living human affection from the voice of solemn prayer to God. It was our old-fashioned Cambridge style of sermonizing prayer, over again, and carried me back forty years. There was neither singing, nor any sentence of response, nor flowers upon the coffin, except a little bunch of lilies of the valley, that some loving hand threw down at the last. It was comforting to look upon the green leaves and trees, the blooming roses

and hawthorn, and to hear from a thrush in the tree overhead the only note of sweet, blessed music that was uttered over that precious dust.

The scene was most instructive, yet surprising. While the stateliness of the funeral procession would have been conspicuous even in New York, the coldness and barrenness of the service would have been remarked upon even among our strictest Puritan congregations. No cherished pastor or teacher would be borne to the grave in America without the profuse tribute of music and flowers; yet these things go by usage, and our English cousins seem to have far more severe and mournful associations with the fact of death and burial. It may be that they have been led to separate too sadly the outside grave from the church, and to look upon the earth as the mother of the thorn and the worm, and the church as the true rest of body and soul. A funeral in Westminster Abbey would be more uplifting than one at Highgate, and the services in the old parish churches are more impressive than these sermonizing prayers.

America is meeting the great want of bereaved families by our new and beautiful cemeteries; and not only is Greenwood without a rival here, but I do not know of any considerable town among us that

has not a larger and lovelier place than this Highgate, which I hear English friends speak of with admiration as being of exceptional beauty.

Rev. James Martineau, in his chapel in London, last Sunday morning, gave a funeral sermon upon Mr. Tayler. It had his characteristic traits, although perhaps his great grief may have depressed him a little beneath the usual line of his power. The topic was "Time and the True Life," our "Days are a Shadow," and he aimed to show that while time in the order of nature moves in returning periods, time with the true man moves ever forward, without returning upon its path. He designated Mr. Tayler as uniting the historical with the prophetic mind, or able to trace the course of God's ages from a living sense of God's presence within, and thus to be a seer with George Fox and a scholar of the historical schools. The portraiture was somewhat general and indefinite, and the sermon as a whole was rather vague. The manner was earnest and lofty, but neither warm nor magnetic, Mr. Martineau has not the juices and fire, the forces of blood and stomach, nerve and bone, that makes the popular orator; and this style of thinking, so subjective and introversial, and so little objective and executive,

matches his temperament and elocution. His diction is exquisite ; and as a master of language, in quiet composition, he has no living superior, if he has an equal. As a preacher he must always have a limited hearing, fit audience, though few.

## COMMEMORATION WEEK.



Oxford, June 15, 1869.

Commemoration week is not the best time for seeing the scholastic side of Oxford in full activity, but it probably shows more of the connection of the University with the life of England than any other season. It was my lot to be there three days, and to see the academic festivities at their height, so that it may be interesting to have a little sketch of the doings from an eye-witness, who is at once a lover of college fellowship, yet wholly a novice in English ways.

I reached Oxford at about six o'clock on Monday evening, June 7, and found quarters at the very ancient, odd and honorable Mitre Hotel, in an upper room, which was accessible by flights of stairs and queer turns which it required some practice to navigate. It was the strangest building I ever inhabited

yet very comfortable and well kept, with no small share of academic patronage and aristocratic prestige. An American finds it hard to be accustomed to the display of mutton, fowls, etc., in the halls of hotels, and the elegant ladies who crowded these rooms were obliged, as they came down in their ball dresses, to pass what our American women would call a butcher's shop, on the way to their carriages. Yet such seems to be the fashion in all the old country inns, and people appear generally to like this practical assurance that they are to have enough to eat.

After dinner I strolled through some of the streets and grounds of the city, and was struck by the apparent exclusion of the public from the college enclosures. Each college is within a naked quadrangle, or cluster of quadrangles, and a stranger is hardly tempted to enter the somewhat forbidding gates. I found it pleasant to saunter through the walks of the large University Park, and to watch the sheep grazing upon the lawn that was just beginning to be freshened by the evening dew, and to hear the birds who knew so well how to interpret the classic scene, as well as natural beauty, to the stranger's ear. I learned from some sensible and kindly ladies who were sitting near the place where I found a

welcome seat, that the new buildings going up behind us were Keble College, and so it seemed that the author of the "Christian Year" gave his presence and help to those plaintive tones of nature by the sweet, not sad, but cheering music of humanity and of God.

Keble, in spite perhaps of himself, was a man of the nineteenth century ; and whether he meant it or not, God meant that he should bring the Greek love of the beautiful into alliance with the old Hebrew faith, and rebuke the pernicious schism that has driven taste and beauty out of the sanctuary. There are few devout persons of our time who have not felt this influence, and the evening hymn came to me then as never before :

" Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live."

Oxford was full of young life, and from sunrise to midnight these old walls found the new tide of youth surging through them. I began my second day with visiting a semi-monastic institution, to whose founder a zealous friend had given me a letter. I found myself, after a mile's walk, in a religious house whose principal and associate priests had taken the old vows

of poverty, chastity and obedience. I was ushered into the presence of a true gentleman and devoted Christian, whose purposes were as evidently sincere as his ideas were strange and unconvincing. He had given his time and fortune to his work, and had a plan of a large and costly hospital for incurables which he hoped to see erected, and was not alarmed by the amount needed—fifty thousand pounds. I visited the library, refectory, cells and chapel, and also a confessional, which I had never before seen under Episcopal and non-Papal auspices. I saw also the schools under his charge, which appeared to be ably instructed, and gave evidence that his ritual zeal had not shut his mind against broad and thorough learning. Some of his scholars showed honorable specimens of progress in drawing and mathematics, as well as in grammar and composition, and had won prizes at public examinations. He was sanguine of the progress of his High Church principles, and was rather cheered than daunted by the fact that he was head of the only brotherhood of this kind in the Church of England. He was pleased to have an American visitor, and said that one of his brotherhood was an American, and nephew of a celebrated historian.



I went from this monastic house into quite a different scene—the handsome grounds of Trinity College, with tents full of flowers. Two bands one from the Coldstream Guards, the other from the Oxford Volunteers, were ready to cheer with their music the goodly company of men and women that gathered there. The flowers were many and fine, and the heaths and geraniums were beyond any display I remember to have seen in America. The people of course were the great sight, though except the academic gowns and caps, there was nothing at first to distinguish them from a similar American company.

On closer observation one notes certain characteristics not so much of look and dress as of manner, a certain calm and slowness that we rarely see with us. It looked like a quiet family party, not like a college festival, and the ladies did not seem to be aware that they were especially interesting to the gentlemen, nor the gentlemen to be especially attentive to them. There is not half of the air of deference to women here that there is with us, yet there is apparently as much respect; and the beauties, who were not wanting among the roses and carnations, had the quiet look of daughters and wives

rather than the quick eye and movement so frequent among regular belles and flirts. One asks if the English women are as fair as our own. I may not be a competent judge, but it seems to me that girlish beauty is more common in America, and that our Class-Day at Harvard University brings out an array of juvvenile loveliness that Hyde Park, Oxford and Sydenham combined do not equal. Yet there are specimens of a certain style of beauty here that I have never seen equalled, and which enables us to understand why the old missionary, the Monk Augustine, called the English or the Angli, angels, with their fair hair and full bloom. More than one lady have I seen whose blond tresses, pure complexion and clear eyes might well entitle her, in the judgment of a true artist, to stand by the side of the altar as Madonna or St. Agnes.

After wandering among the old books and libraries, chief among the latter the famous Bodleian, it was pleasant to see the inside of college life, and to enjoy, at sunset, the charming hospitality of the learned, manly and genial professor who has made the chair in Baliol College as well known in America as in England. Truly these Oxford Fellows have a favored lot, and their table abounds in all comforts,

for at these seasons they are not limited to their old monkish companionship, but have their fair kin and friends to cheer them. The academic seclusion does not shut out the great world, and in the free chat at table, and till midnight in our kind host's study, it was clear that just now America is more interesting than Greece and Rome, and General Grant grows more prominent than Dr. Pusey's canons.

Quite memorable it is that so strong a current of liberal ideas moves through this scholastic life, and that Oxford liberals seem to lead the free thought of educated England, as Oxford ascetics have led the revival of mediæval worship. The Hebrew priesthood finds its Hellenist check as well as its great champions here, and High Churchmen lament sadly over the prevalence of toleration among the younger Fellows of this old seat of priestly sway. It was surely a great contrast that marked this day to me, which began in a monastic brotherhood and ended in a general fellowship of liberal scholars with no trace of ascetic exclusiveness or dogmatic narrowness.

Wednesday was Commemoration day by eminence, and I began it by a genial breakfast with the Vice-Principal of St. Mary's Hall, and in due time

proceeded to the solemnities, or rather to the atrocities of the day, at the Sheldonian Theatre. Of all the noisy, disagreeable, rowdy, and for the most part, senseless exhibitions of young blood and lungs that I ever saw, this occasion was the climax. I never heard such a noise from human creatures in my life as from those thousand young gentlemen in the gallery above, over the heads of the thousand ladies in the gallery beneath, as if the old order of things was reversed and pandemonium was above and heaven below, and the howls of fiends were allowed to drown the music of angels. When the Vice-Chancellor and his associate dignitaries marched in, the students struck up the national anthem, "God save the Queen," with great power, and I hoped that they had brought their folly to an end. But no, out it broke again, and with little pause, went on hour after hour until the din became intolerable, and I left the house in disgust; and soon the Vice-Chancellor, a most dignified and scholarly man, dismissed the assembly in despair. They call this row, fun and a mark of Oxford pluck, but it seemed to me sheer barbarism, that ought to be put down by the police like any other brutal excess. Ten minutes of it might be a joke, but three hours of it was madness, and to

a moderately nervous susceptibility almost murder. The jokes were generally poor, and more marked by impudence than wit.

After an elegant luncheon with the Vice-Chancellor and a hundred or more guests, in the stately refectory of All Souls' College, it was pleasant to saunter about the beautiful grounds of Worcester College, and hear the music of the two bands who entertained the thousand guests of the Apollo lodge of Freemasons. Tents were spread with fruits and viands, and loving cups of glass and silver were passed from hand to hand, and the lips of scores of gentlemen and women touched the same copious vessel. This was an odd sight and it would be hard to make a company of our people, especially of our ladies, sip claret, cider or champagne thus out of a half-gallon vessel. It seemed, however, to be more an act of courtesy than of practical drinking, although some of the men seemed to make pretty serious and long acquaintance with the interior of the cup.

It was edifying, after this festival, to hear the exquisite vesper service in the Chapel of New College, which William of Wykeham endowed in 1386, and to be assured that this grand choir of men and boys chant the service every morning and evening

according to the ancient foundation, and that this music is unsurpassed in all the realm. The day closed by an evening stroll with a Philadelphia friend, on the banks of the Isis, and we wandered till bed time through the charming meadows and woods of Christ Church and looked into the quadrangles of Magdalen College. There we saw no weeping devotees with dishevelled hair, but a row of tables spread for an evening feast to regale the goodly company, who were listening to a rare concert in the chapel with occasional plaudits, telling that times have changed since grave Bishop Waynflete founded Magdalen Hall in the year of grace 1456.

## FESTIVAL OF ARCHBISHOPS.



London, July, 1869.

I have seen a great deal of the English clergy of the various ranks and churches, and must record my deep sense of their kindness, worth and ability. Some of the underlings of the Established Church may be a little consequential and disagreeable, but an educated American finds only courtesy and instruction from all truly superior men. The bond of common scholarship is very strong, and when added to the bond of common blood, it is not to be broken. I always felt that we were bred at the same table, drank at the same fountain, and spoke the same tongue and looked to the same great ends.

I saw more of the English clergy in the mass, at the Lord Mayor's banquet to the Archbishops and Bishops, June 23, at the Mansion; yet this festival gave little opportunity to learn their character and

thought in comparison with other and more private interviews. This banquet, however, was most instructive as an illustration of the ancient habits of London. Of all the dignitaries of this world, there is no one who keeps his primeval honors like the Lord Mayor of London; and I confess to no small measure of astonishment at the magnificence of his surroundings.

Those of us who were children forty years ago know well that our picture books were then imported from London. That we little folks were thus made to see the sights and hear the cries of that old city of our fathers. Full well do I remember the story of Whittington and his cat, and right glad was I to stand at Highgate, where he looked down upon the great town and heard those same Bow Bells sing into his ear the charmed words, "Turn again, Whittington, be Lord Mayor of London."

It is the Lord Mayor's accustomed duty to entertain various representative bodies at the Mansion House during the year, and the annual festival of the archbishops and bishops was a grand banquet to some two hundred and sixty guests in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House—a room which thus far I have not seen equalled in grandeur in America or



Europe. The clergy were well represented, although some of the notables were kept away by the Queen's concert. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with the buxom Mrs. Tait, his wife, and the Archbishop of Dublin, with an interesting young lady who might have been his daughter, were the most exalted of the official clergy present. There were many bishops, and deans, and a considerable number of dissenting ministers, with not a few gentry, members of Parliament, army officers and other distinguished citizens. The dinner was excellent, the music fine, the scene magnificent ; but the speaking amounted to little but mutual compliment.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was smooth and gracious in word as in presence, and is a fine specimen of a Christian scholar and gentleman ; in appearance very much such a man as Edward Everett might have made had his fancy been kept down under the decorums of English ecclesiasticism. The Bishop of London, Dr. Jackson, responded kindly and sagaciously to the sentiment, " The Clergy of London, of the English Church and all other denominations," and wished well to them all. He is a vigorous, military-looking man, and quite the reverse in his appearance to the gentle and courtly scholar, Dean

Stanley, who was his rival candidate for that office and is said to have been reluctantly withdrawn by the Queen in deference to the general voice of the conservative London clergy.

The Assembly broke up at a good hour, without any non-conformist being called to speak; an omission that is explained by the fact that the dinner was given on the anniversary of the Society for Propagating the Gospel abroad by the English Established Church, and therefore is understood to belong to the archbishops and bishops. Other clergy, however, were publicly named with honor, and America was not forgotten in the list read by the Master of Ceremonies.

The Lord Mayor's office is laborious and costly, and he is an active magistrate as well as the head of civic society within the limits of the old City, which had being and laws which William the Conqueror seemed glad to confirm. The salary is eight thousand pounds, and the outlay under a generous incumbent like the present is about seven thousand pounds more. The Mayor, Mr. Lawrence, is a man of intelligence as well as wealth, and is an influential member of Parliament. He is a liberal in religion and politics, and in every way a valuable citizen,

with a good record of himself and his whole family.

I was glad to see prominent dissenters present, both liberal and orthodox ; among the latter, Rev. Messrs. Binney and Newman Hall being conspicuous and among the former, Rev. Messrs. Gaskell, Ireson and James. It was of course, a privilege to me here and elsewhere to meet eminent men out of my usual line of association, and I was in some respects highly favored. You may like to know my impressions of a few of the most prominent clergy of the English Church whom I was able to know and converse with somewhat freely.

I met no truer gentleman and scholar than Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster. His wife, Lady Augusta, the daughter of Lord Elgin, makes the Deanery as winning by her courtly grace and kindly heart, as the Dean does by his manly sense and scholarly loyalty. I heard him read St. Paul's tribute to charity from the Corinthians in the night service in Westminster Abbey, on the Sunday after my arrival, and it added to the romance and solemnity of the hour and scene in that great temple of the living and the dead. Dean Stanley is the head of the Broad Church movement in England, and at once wins honor and provokes hostility by his

position. Men of his views do not gain preferment generally and he has not escaped rebuffs ; yet he is known and honored by English liberals with few exceptions, and perhaps his zeal for the Throne and Church, as belonging together, leads many conservatives to overlook his literary radicalism, in view of his historical and ecclesiastical conservatism. I met the Archbishop of Dublin at his house, and found the Dean opposed to the Irish Church bill on account of its throwing the more liberal clergy into the hands of the bigots, and enabling the bigots, of the disestablished church, to tread upon the liberals, who are now protected by the civil law, which is more tolerant than the usual canon law.

The Archbishop of Dublin, Richard Chenevix Trench, is a more rigid theologian and perhaps a more severe and penetrative scholar than the Dean, and he seemed to me to have his mind open to the best German theologians, and to be a student of religion in its deepest truth. He was, however, too much absorbed with the Irish Church bill to be wholly at ease on other topics. His charge, of last year, to his clergy is an able document, and terse in diction as strong in argument—such as it is well to weigh seriously before making Ireland, without

limitation, over to the Romish priesthood. He is much interested in American affairs and studies, as well he may be, for his books are much used and highly approved among us. I was obliged to forego the privilege he kindly offered me of meeting some of the prominent Irish bishops at his table, and hearing their views of great subjects.

I saw the Bishop of Oxford pleasantly, and enjoyed his free, shrewd and scholarly conversation, but regretted that I was not able to hear him preach, as he is called one of the best English preachers, both in substance and manner, though it is not unusual for liberals to make light of him. I have not followed his political career, and of course cannot go with him in his High Church policy ; but he seemed to me a most genial and entertaining companion, and a hearty, outspoken and even blunt observer of the men and manners of the time, both inside and outside of his own church circle. His speeches in the House of Lords of late, have been strong and sagacious, and he evidently means to make the best of the movements that he deprecates. He holds great literary, charitable and religious trusts in his hands ; and I can assure those who habitually disparage him, that in the charitable institutions

under his charge, which I have visited, his name is revered and his presence devoutly welcomed. I am certainly grateful to his kindness for some of my most favored hours in England.

Professor Jowett I saw less as a theologian than as a social companion and a man of letters; and it may be that he is more new in literature than theology, and studies Plato more than St. Paul. Whatever he touches he adorns, and his face is sunshine to all lovers of the great humanities to which his life is consecrated. Hereafter I may write upon the English clergy as preachers, and now I will only add a few words upon a theologian of a different stamp,—Dr. Manning, the Archbishop of Westminster, the noted seceder from the English to the Romish Church. I was told that he was reserved, and would say little or nothing to me, and therefore I left it to him to appoint an interview if he chose, merely telling him that it might be mutually instructive. I found him most genial and communicative, and ready and earnest to converse upon the inmost subjects of religion. He laughed at the idea that I had been led to form of him, and declared that in his way he was very much of a Methodist, and his religion was of the heart—

a perpetual joy in God and in the boundless fellowship of the Church universal. He lives in an ample house, but simply, and he looks more like an apostle than either of his brother Archbishops of York and Canterbury. His views are extreme, wholly ultramontane, and I at once admired the man and dissented from the doctrine. His conduct seems liberal, memorably so in some directions, and he told me that he had been that week at Dean Stanley's, where I understood that such men as Dr. Carpenter, Mr. Martineau, Tyndall and the philosophers met in due turn to discuss matters of science.

Dr. Manning's sincerity is not questioned by his former associates, who lament his defection. He has helped me to understand the state of religious opinion in England, and it seemed to me, as an inquiring pilgrim from the new world to the old shrines of faith and learning, not well to forget the present head of the Roman Catholic Church in England.

## THE ENGLISH PULPIT.

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London, July, 1869.

I do not propose to write a critical essay upon the present characteristics of the English pulpit, as compared with its great classic ages, but simply to record the impressions that I received from hearing some of its most marked preachers, and noting their thought and temper. Having been associated principally with the Christian liberals of America, I was of course in close relations with the Christian liberals of England ; yet at the same time, as I never took a sectarian position, and have for many years refused to take an anti-Church and anti-Trinitarian name, I found it easy and wholly right to mingle freely with all orders of Christians on grounds of positive faith and fellowship. Every man has a right to his own true position ; and I know that your readers will understand and respect the principle and



spirit in which these views of the religion of Europe are written.

The first sermon that I heard after landing was given in the Cathedral of Killarney, Ireland, by Bishop Moriarty. It was a plain, hearty, fatherly talk on the nature of God; not extreme, although positive in doctrine, and impressed upon the people with much fervor and unction, but with no mark of philosophical or rhetorical ambition. The Bishop stated to me the difficulty of addressing the kind of audience under his charge, and said that it was hard to make them understand abstract words and expressions, and that he found it necessary to use the most familiar household words, and not venture upon any ideas or illustrations out of the plane of sensuous imagery. He was certainly very successful; and his homely, affectionate address was of a kind that every popular preacher might wisely follow; for it is probably the fact that most of the current teaching of our educated preachers is in a dialect almost strange to the multitude; and our academic orators should go to nature's school to learn the popular tongue. I have heard no man in Europe but Spurgeon who spoke as naturally and plainly as this genial,

robust, fatherly Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry.

I went to the little Portland Street Chapel in London, the second Sunday after landing, in the hope of hearing the distinguished James Martineau, but he urged me into the pulpit, and I heard Mr. Martineau read the liturgical service, which is very impressive in language and sentiment, from a service book partly arranged by himself. Most of the service was read by him ; and, as I think not wisely, the Psalms were chanted wholly by the choir instead of the usual responses by the people. Yet the effect of the whole was edifying, and it was interesting to observe the proof of positive church feeling in, perhaps, the leading philosophical radical of the English pulpit. The edifice was small and ungainly, yet it had a churchly look, with the communion table and chancel in the middle of the recess behind the pulpit. The table had decidedly the altar look and was in no danger of being supposed to be intended for cards or tea, like some of the poor devices that stand before pulpits, and which are sometimes used for hats and inkstands, pitchers of water and tumblers. The congregation was attentive and good in number, quite enough to fill the small building. I afterwards found that most

churches of Mr. Martineau's order were conducted in the same way, and that five out of the six Unitarian churches, where I was present, had the liturgy and the chancel; and in four of them the pulpit was placed on one side, as in Episcopal churches. I afterwards heard Mr. Martineau preach in his own pulpit, as I said in a former letter, and he was not in his best vein then. He has resumed his high level of thought and sentiment, yet he can never be a preacher for the people, for he has neither the voice, temperament or talent for moving the masses, whether of the ignorant or the intelligent. His thought is fine, his diction exquisite, and his imagery beautiful, but it is too subjective, introversial, speculative and abstract generally, to hold or stir common hearers; he must be called a bright star that shines from above but does not wane like many a lesser and nearer light. The Unitarians of England are proud of him, as well they may be, although they do not wholly like his radical views, nor follow him in his apparent desire to go out of the Unitarian denomination and name into a free Christian association of the widest scope and material.

As to the Unitarian clergy of England, they seemed to me to be an earnest, cultivated, devout,

and effective body of men, with a large measure of influence, especially in the commercial and manufacturing places, yet somewhat eclipsed by the Established Church, and not a little narrowed by the sectarian negations, which are rather the bequests of an old feud, than the utterance of their present faith and aspiration.

I heard in the evening—my first evening in England—the beautiful vesper service in Westminster Abbey chanted by a choir of some seventy men and boys ; and listened to a young scholar of mark—Rev. Mr. Percival, president of a church college for boys at Clifton. It was decidedly what is called liberal in tone, deprecating alike, the despotism of the old Church fathers and of the creed makers of the Reformation, and claiming for the Christian mind of the nineteenth century full right and liberty to interpret the everlasting gospel from its own study and consciousness. It was living, manly, earnest and decided, yet not at all fiery ; more of an essay than a sermon, and pleasantly read rather than effectively spoken. In fact, there seemed to me to be next to no speaking or true preaching in England ; no vital action of the nerves, muscles, affections and will in the pulpit. The sermon is

quietly read, as if it were taken for granted that the hearers were already convinced and well disposed, and there were no sinners to be converted and no drowsy souls to be aroused. In the afternoon of that same Sunday I went into a parish church next to our hotel—a good-sized, handsome edifice ; and there I found a small congregation and a very sensible, but not remarkable preacher, who read the service tamely from a high desk on one side, and read the sermon with considerable animation from a high pulpit on the other side. Eight boys did the singing from the organ gallery, as is common with us. It was a fair specimen of a Sunday afternoon Episcopal congregation in New York, although perhaps less wide awake.

During the week I heard Dean Stanley preach a charity sermon at Westminster Abbey, on Christ's Compassion for the Multitude. It was, of course, well thought and well written, with rich illustrations from classic history, but not glowing or sympathetic, having indeed something of Channing's drifting melody of voice, but without his fervor and inspiration. It was more a scholar's essay than an apostle's appeal. The place overpowers most voices, and the choir of over one hundred men and boys had

greatly the advantage of the preacher, and proved what is becoming clearer and clearer to me, that these old cathedrals that cover acres of ground were not intended for such an exclusively preaching religion as now prevails.

Selwyn, the newly-elected Bishop of Lichfield, was the only man whom I heard preach in a cathedral so as to fill its vaults and arches with his voice. He preached at St. Paul's like a vigorous American of the Chapin or Beecher school, with great strength of lungs and force of will, but without any remarkable originality or depth of thought. His sermon was a straightforward plucky plea for earnest Christian work, and he brought all his force against the sham religion that is busy with scholastic subtleties or dainty with æsthetic delights. He has disappointed expectation by his speeches in the House of Lords; and these have been more memorable for bold, rash striking right and left than for sagacious sight or hard hits.

Perhaps the most memorable Episcopal service that I attended was at All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, at the anniversary of the Union of Prayer for the Unity of Christendom, a meeting of High Churchmen for the restoration of the Roman Catholic

English and Greek churches to true Catholicity. The building itself is a study, with its plain exterior and its costly and beautiful marble interior—the whole in such perfect truth that the architect thought himself bound to insert pieces of plain brick wall here and there into the rich marble mosaic interior, to repel the idea that he was trying to deny, or disguise the plain simplicity of the exterior. The preacher was Rev. T. T. Carter, of Clewer, Windsor. The ritual was severe and beautiful, and the dresses of the clergy were of the old Sarum pattern, instead of the Roman or the usual English style. The chancel was occupied by several men of note, among them the famous Dr. Pusey, whom I had never seen before, and who had far more flesh and blood in his make than his ascetic doctrine would lead one to suppose. At a signal from the officiating priest the preacher ascended the pulpit, and in a very subdued, but earnest and devout manner, gave a scriptural and argumentative sermon on the worth and power of intercessory prayer as the highest and most effective form of disinterestedness, and especially as the great hope of the Church in the yearning for unity. He seemed wholly sincere and devoted, although without fancy, imagination,

or any of the gifts of voice and style that make up what we call eloquence. An indifferent hearer might call him dull ; so much was his fire shut up within his reserved habit and severe discipline. I was told that he was consulted more than any man in England, except Dr. Pusey, in cases of conscience at the confessional of the Anglican Church. I afterwards saw him at the Sisterhood of Clewer, over which he is warden.

The communion service followed the sermon, and few partook of it, because devotees of that class generally communicate earlier in the morning, and while fasting. The Te Deum closed the meeting, and it was sung in thanksgiving for the progress achieved towards rebuking schism and securing the unity of the Church Catholic. The assembly dispersed, after lingering a while in the court. It seemed a plain, middle-class people, without any show in dress or bearing, with here and there the uniform of the Sisterhood of Charity ; yet half a dozen nobles of high rank, from duke to marquis, were pointed out to me, and I received the impression that there was a great deal of character and power in this movement, which was so distinctly Catholic, without being Roman Catholic in its purpose.



It was in great contrast with another meeting that professed to be equally Catholic, that was held at Freemasons' Hall, London, by the Free Christian Union. Rev. Mr. Martineau, the Unitarian, read parts of the English Liturgy and Rev. Mr. Miall, a Baptist, offered extempore prayer. Rev. C. Keegan Paul, Episcopalian, and Rev. A. Coquerel, French Reformed, preached sermons—the former on progress in religion, and the latter on practical goodness. The Englishman combined elegance, smoothness and tolerance in his well-read essay without being either positive or strong; and the Frenchman was glowing, pointed and brave in his sententious, off hand harangue. The air of the hall was close and suffocating in the extreme, and I did not venture to attend the second meeting for discussion that did not seem to amount to anything. Ventilation is poorly understood or practised in England, it seems to me, from several painful experiences; and it is a pity that the free and genial hospitality of our cousins is sometimes accompanied by such neglect of this first essential of living—wholesome air. This hall had no windows, and the doors were tightly closed, except when opened by some late-comer. I shudder at the remembrance

of that experience, as the foul and exhausted tide of vapor rose gradually to the nostrils.

I heard Spurgeon preach ; every one does who goes to England. The greatest thing about him is his congregation—the largest I ever saw within doors at worship. His tabernacle is an ellipse in shape, with concave ceiling, and admirably adapted to sound. It holds some five or six thousand people, yet he is heard in every part, I judge, for I sat at a distance, and could hear every word. There is no great mystery in his success. First of all, he has a remarkable voice, at once strong, sweet and sympathetic ; as remarkable as Dr. Chapin's, except in the high head notes, which in Dr. Chapin are like a flute, and sometimes as delicate as a flageolet. Then, secondly, he preaches plainly, and with plain illustrations, out of the Bible so that both the matter and the words are understood by all. Then, thirdly, he is personally interested in his hearers and has something always to do for them, or for them to do for themselves. He does a large and good business in souls, and has great organizing talent in bringing people together for instruction, worship and charity. Then, again, he has a temperament which is itself a kind of house-warming, a

full, sympathetic constitution of blood and stomach, such as all popular leaders have. He seems to be full of sympathetic juices in which his great audience float like a navy in an ample harbor. Then he has power because his speaking gift is so rare in England, where most public speakers can not be heard at all.

In America he would do a great deal of good, but would be no great celebrity. He has no marked intellect or learning, no freedom from conventional dogmas, no originality in depth of thought, little delicate fancy or high imagination. Yet he is Spurgeon, and a great power in England, and the promise of men as strong and earnest and more gifted than himself in the English pulpit.

## CHARITY IN ENGLAND.



London, July, 1869.

Where every thing is old, as in England, we must not expect to find that poverty is wholly a new thing, and surely enough we find everywhere the footprints of want, and have proof that for ages, charity here has tried to meet the needs of the suffering. We in America, especially in our great cities, have the poor with us in large and increasing numbers, but they themselves, with the cities that harbor them, are among the new facts of our national life, and fifty years ago their condition had very little to do with American finance or humanity. Even now, in some rural towns, there are few, if any, helpless poor, and I know of one town in New England, where, after a public festival, there were no people poor enough to accept the large leavings, and the stores of good things were sent to

the next city in search of hungry mouths and grateful hearts. Such a thing could not probably occur in England, and the poor-tax is as universal as lands and houses.

It is interesting, to note as one travels here, the marks of ancient charities, and to see buildings venerable with moss and mould, that have for ages been devoted to the poor and sick. In other instances the bounty seems to be of recent date, and new and picturesque buildings, sometimes in conspicuous places have been erected by Christian hands. It was somewhat new to me to see instances in which the almshouse, instead of being a public institution, was wholly a private bequest, and a handsome cottage or cluster of cottages indicated the humanity and the good taste of some Christian person or families.

I have not before me the statistics of English benevolence or of the misery which it tries to relieve ; and I failed, from limited time, to meet some of the men who promised to give me information from their own fields of observation and labor, such as Rev. William Denton and Rev. T. C. White, of the English Church, London, in Finsbury Circus and Pimlico, whose experiences have been rich and

peculiar. I heard several charity sermons of a missionary kind at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and went to some of the churches that aim especially to care for the poor. At the noted St. Albans, in Holborn, I was struck with the unpretending practical look of the people, and when I saw a large company of boys and girls on Sunday morning walking from the chapel under the guidance of some plainly dressed and serious teachers, I might have taken the modest building for a Methodist chapel was it not for the young man in white robes, who was swinging the censer and filling the edifice with clouds of fragrant incense. At St. Barnabas, Pimlico, too, where I went one evening in the week, the little congregation at vespers seemed to be plain, hard-working men and women. Yet the choir of boys chanted the service in its full dignity, and the ministers had not only their priestly robes, but their academic hoods as masters of art; thereby showing their desire to connect all their honor and gifts with their labor of love in the service of the poor.

I visited two important institutions of charity, there are so few here that you may like to know something about them. The first was the Sisterhood

of Clewer, Windsor, about a mile from the Castle and under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Oxford, who kindly gave me an introduction to the warden, Rev. T. T. Carter, to whose sermon at All Saints I have referred. The ride by rail took about an hour from London, and the walk to the institution was easy and pleasant. We found the warden in his cosy parsonage under the trees, and he went with us to the House of Mercy. His house was well adorned with choice religious engravings, and on his table was an ancient Latin folio on the ministerial office, from which I read while I waited, edifying and quite interesting extracts to the young American clergyman who accompanied me.

It was a short walk to the Sisterhood, and we were most heartily received by the Superior, the sister of the noted Smith O'Brien, a lady of great intelligence, energy and amenity. We went through the three departments, the House of Penitents, for fallen women, the Industrial School, for training servants, and the Hospital for the sick. The whole was in excellent order, showing everywhere the handiwork and the taste of earnest churchwomen. It was evident that the Sisters were churchwomen of the devout class, and that they relied directly

upon church ministers for their nurture and comfort. In their chapel the communion is celebrated every morning, and they partake of it as the daily bread of the soul, in full faith that God's presence and grace come to them there to help them in their constant and often painful toil. The Christian idea was expressed in the architecture and symbolism of the place ; and in the quadrangular garden and walks for the penitents under their charge, there was a large cross in the centre, with the memorials of Christ's sufferings for the redemption of the sinful. Everywhere, moreover, even in the wards of the hospital, there was a place for quiet thought or devotion, and the whole institution had the churchly air.

What impressed me most was the care of these Christian women for the sick and disabled. In the children's ward there were two little sufferers, who were obliged to lie in one position all the time, and who were most tenderly treated by the sisters in charge of them. Some rough sailors on the first floor were as gently dealt with, and allowed in good weather to sit on the open piazza, with full liberty of the pipe and tobacco at certain hours of the day.

I conversed freely and fully with these ladies, and found them intelligent, gentle and earnest, with



no small amount of theological knowledge, as well as religious zeal. They had a healthy look, as if they had wholesome diet and plenty of outdoor air. Very cheerful they were in their faith, and seemed to have the same hearty dependence on their church and clergy that is so characteristic of Roman Catholic devotees. Yet Roman Catholic they were most decidedly not, and vehemently opposed the claims of the Pope to sovereignty and infallibility, and the whole movement in behalf of the invocation of the Virgin Mary as Holy above women, and the chief intercessor with heaven. They seemed much interested in America, and said that two of their number were Americans, I think from Boston, and had gone home on a visit.

They live under a rule of obligation, and celebrate the Seven Day Hours of the old Church of England, yet are free to leave the order when they choose, and do not take the vows of celibacy, although there seems to be a virtual understanding that they renounce marriage. A handsome and intelligent young Oxford graduate, with whom I afterwards conversed on the battlements of Windsor Castle, in sight of Eton College and Church, told me that his cousin had joined the sisterhood, and

he had never known one of them to marry. The fact is the more memorable, as the sisters have not given up the world from chagrin that the world has given them up and they have a good proportion of wealth, beauty, culture and rank in their number. Very likely they are sustained by a sense of position, as well as by principle, for the secular sisters of the superior class have dignity and power, and vote in the administration of their order, with much respect from clergy and laity of high character and standing. This order is called the Sisterhood of St. John Baptist, and was formed on St. Andrew's Day, 1852. Their dress consists of a graceful white cap, black gown with large loose sleeves, and I believe, a cross and the medal of the order. The effect is impressive, yet not romantic or sentimental. Their warden, Rev. Mr. Carter, appears to be a pure, sagacious and devoted man and has a good Christian face. His assistant, the sub-warden, Rev, Mr. Hutchings, is a somewhat learned and philosophical scholar I judge, from his six sermons on the Holy Spirit which the Sister Superior gave me. Sixteen different institutions are connected with this Sisterhood.

1. House of Mercy, Clewer, near Windsor.
2. St. John's Home, Clewer. Orphan and Industrial School for children of respectable parents.
3. St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital, for Invalids of both Sexes.
4. St. Andrew's Cottage, for female convalescents.
5. St. Stephen's Mission, Clewer Fields.
6. St. John's School, 3 Bloomfield Place, Pimlico, London, for children of clergy or professional men.
7. St. Barnabas Orphanage, for training girls for servants or teachers.
8. House of Charity, Greek street, Soho Square, London. Founded in 1846, for the temporary relief of persons of all classes without home or friends.
9. Mission House, 9 Rose street, Soho Square.
10. Home for Single Women of Good Character, 224 Holborn, London.
11. St. Alban's Mission, Holborn.
12. The Oxford Penitentiary, Manor House, Holywell, Oxford.
13. House of Mercy, Bovey Tracey, Newton Abbott, Devon.
14. St. Raphael's Convalescent Home, Torquay, Devon, for women of good character.
15. St. Mary and St. Eanswith's Day and Boarding School for Girls, Rydal House, Folkestone.
16. St. Peter's Mission and School, Folkestone, established among the fishermen and their families.

How great was the transition from the Sisterhood of Clewer to Muller's Orphan Houses for two thousand children, at Ashley Down, Bristol! I was not favored by an interview with the principal, as I went on the wrong day; but I saw the institution, which was of itself quite a village of substantial stone houses. It has not the picturesque air of Clewer, and cabbages and potatoes, instead of roses and hawthorns, occupied the garden before the principal house. Moreover, the prevailing doctrine is direct trust in God's grace to each believing soul in answer to personal prayer, instead of the ministry of the priesthood or the efficacy of the sacraments.

Muller has fifteen hundred orphans now within his charge, and he believes as ever, that prayer brings whatever he needs for these dependent children of God. His balance sheet for the last year shows that it is not Wall street alone that knows how to command the Mammon of unrighteousness, and that faith has not died out of this age of science and thrift. The total receipts for the year ending May 26, 1868, were £101,628, and the expenditures were £84,212—leaving a balance of £17,416. Mr. Muller says:

“The girls who are received into the Establishment

are kept till they are able to go to service. Our aim is to keep them till they shall have been sufficiently qualified for a situation, and especially also, till their constitution is sufficiently established, as far as we are able to judge. We uniformly prefer fitting the girls for service, instead of apprenticing them to a business, as being generally far better for their bodies and souls. Only in a few instances have female orphans been apprenticed to business, when their health would not allow them to go to service. If the girls give us satisfaction, so that we can recommend them to a situation, they are fitted out at the expense of the Establishment. The girls generally remain under our care till they are about seventeen, and we receive children from their earliest days. They are instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, geography, English history, a little universal history, all kinds of useful needlework and household-work. They make their clothes and keep them in repair ; and in a word we aim after this, that if any of them do not do well temporally or spiritually, and do not turn out useful members of society, it shall at least not be our fault."

"The boys are generally apprenticed when they are between fourteen and fifteen years old. But in

each case we consider the welfare of the individual orphan, without having any fixed rule respecting these matters. The boys have a free choice of the trade they like to learn ; but having once chosen, we do not allow them to alter. The boys, as well as the girls, have an outfit provided for them ; and any other expenses that may be connected with their apprenticeship are also met by the funds of the Orphan Establishment."

"It may be interesting to the reader to know the kind of trades to which we generally apprentice the boys. During the last nineteen years the boys who were apprenticed were bound to carpenters, basket makers, shoemakers, tailors, plumbers, painters and glaziers, linen drapers, printers, bakers, grocers, iron-mongers, confectioners, hosiers, millers, gasfitters, smiths, outfitters, provision dealers, sailmakers, upholsterers or chemists. The boys have the same kind of mental cultivation as the girls, and they learn to knit and mend their stockings. They also make their beds, clean their shoes, scrub their rooms and work in the garden of the Orphan Establishment."

God bless the charities of England, and bring England and America nearer together in good will and well doing.

## HINTS TO OUR ENGLISH COUSINS.



Berlin, July, 1869.

In reviewing a month's life in England, after seeing something of France and Germany, I am moved to write a few random thoughts as to some of the most obvious aspect of English affairs.

I have written about the charities of England and described two remarkable institutions as specimens of the Christian humanity there. I ought to add, that if there was more justice there would be less need of charity. There is something very memorable and distressing in the vast spaces of land unoccupied by houses, and the huddling together of a poor tenant and half pauper population under the shadow of the great country seats, in huts that look more like the burrows of rabbits or the hills of ants than the habitations of rational beings.

Wherever the cottages are really comfortable it

seems to be a studied matter of taste to keep them low and obscure, apparently that nothing may stand between the magnificence of nature and the majesty of the lords of the manor. These great estates are indeed lovely ; but they cost England far too much, and a better day will come when land is more justly divided, the laws of entail are modified or abolished, and the preservation of game is made of less account than the welfare of men and women.

It was hard to understand that in a populous old country like England, the rail carried us through larger open spaces than we find in our own neighborhoods in America. Our New England is far better covered with houses than old England, on account of this monopoly of the land in the hands of the few. The lords of the land may often have the aristocratic virtues of their class, yet justice is more democratic, though less showy, than condescension ; and it will be a great day for England when justice rules over the enactment as well as over the administration of her laws. The most memorable sight that I remember in the House of Lords is the fine blue eye of the Duke of Argyll. It may be that there is more, however, in its vision than has yet appeared, and that the sagacious and devout peer who has written



so wisely of the "Reign of Law" over nature, will deal as profoundly with the reign of law in the affairs of men. When I met him a second time, and in the lobby of the House, it was hard to resist the temptation to speak to him, even without an introduction, and to say how much we like him on the other side of the water for standing by us in our troubles, and for making such manly speeches and writing such godly books.

In writing about the preachers of England, I think I omitted to refer to the two who are now most conspicuous in the English Church, Liddon of Oxford, and Mc Gee, Bishop of Peterborough. Whenever either of them preach, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are not too large for the congregations; and they are proof of what the English Church now needs—strong, pointed, glowing utterances from the pulpit, and more co-operation from the press. Liddon's learned and sententious discourses are not too elaborate to interest the populace, and Mc Gee's impassioned extemporaneous sermons are not too flaming to win even the few and the fastidious, for he took the mumbling, stuttering magnates of the House of Lords by storm with his Irish off-hand speech on the Irish Church bill; and they who did

not know what to think of his logic which was a little uncertain, were taken off their feet by his rhetoric.

Even in the simple matter of reading, the Episcopal clergy have yet to learn the power of their liturgy, for they generally read badly, and the noble language of their Prayer Book has an ignoble rendering. It seemed to me that the old-fashioned way of reading the Scriptures and prayers is far better than the new intoning, especially in parish churches, whose moderate size does not demand the swell and rhythm of song to reach the ears of the congregation. If any plucky common sense reformer would rise and go through the churches, tearing down the monstrous pulpits so far up in the air, rightly shaping the reading desks, and send the clergymen to some of our bright American school teachers to learn how to open their mouths and use their tongues, and if some fair master of rhetoric and composition would train them to think out and speak out plain, hearty, telling sermons, without reading them from the manuscript, a greater revival might appear in the Church of England than ever came from Pusey's Tracts or Wilberforce's essays. It did not seem to me that the English people wish

to go over to Rome or to favor the extreme ritualists.

The Pope's Encyclical letter is too much for the stomach of old England, and the virtual plea for backing up the Romish policy by the old Romish persecution, that has so aroused obedient Spain, does not charm the ears of a nation that has had full enough of that despotism for ages past. It looked to me as if the Romanizing reaction had passed, and the great wish in England was for the better interpretation of the apostolic principles in her own standards and history, without the new assumptions of the Roman bishop, who is well enough in his own place, but not so well in undertaking to be lord of the globe. Enlightened English Churchmen expect to see the English Church disestablished before many years, and are hoping to meet the change bravely.

In looking back to England from France and Germany, a traveller is constantly reminded not only of the difference of climate, but of the singular difference of the air and light. Here in Berlin, during these three days there has been a strange and almost painful glare of light, and there seems to be little cessation of it during the short space of what is called

night. In Paris the light stone so universal in the new buildings intensifies the feeling and it would be a relief to wear green goggles every bright day after leaving England for the Continent. The trees on the Continent do not give such full and refreshing shade as in England, and whatever I may say after going into the Black Forest, I surely have thus far seen no trees in France or Germany that compare with Eton Hall or Windsor Park or even Regent's and Hyde Park, London. The sun here is mightier, and perhaps tells therefore more quickly upon the fruit, and does not wait for the trunk and leaf to expand. Fruit is abundant and cheap to a degree unknown to us in America.

Early last week, when I left France, the streets were full of the most delicious fruits, and cherries, figs, apricots, strawberries, plums and gooseberries could be had for next to nothing. My last purchase was a quart of fine cherries for four cents, and one of my last feasts was at St. Denis, near Paris, in a village fruit store, where our party of five were refreshed with pure milk and nice plums at a cost of thirteen sous for the whole. It may be so in England now, but probably not. Yet I have seen nowhere such stores of wealth as England gathers

in her great city from all lands and seas of the globe. I went into one vault in London that contained twenty-five thousand pipes of wine, and visited a store where one floor held within my sight the horns of one thousand rhinoceroses and the ivory of two thousand elephants. Dark and damp as is their climate, our English cousins do things in a large way; and the more I see of them the more do I like them and many of their ways.

## THE JEWS IN EUROPE.



Prague, August 7, 1869.

I have been to the three memorable synagogues within a few days, in Berlin, Dresden, and Prague, and they present a subject that cannot easily be neglected. The Berlin edifice is of brick, costly and grand, and was built in 1862; that in Dresden is a picturesque oriental building of moderate cost, with a pretty garden in front, and dating from 1840; while that in Prague dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century, and is a Gothic structure of peculiar character, built of stone, with two massive pillars in the middle within, supporting a groined and arched roof. There are now nine synagogues in Prague. The Berlin edifice has been compared to the Temple Emanuel in our Fifth Avenue but it is not nearly so stately and expensive in its material and style. It is of two kinds of brick, and has none

of the lofty spires and elaborate carving, and little of the magnificent interior decoration of the New York edifice, nor did it seem to me to be more than two thirds as large. I was not there at service, but the organ, choir and whole interior indicated clearly the modern spirit of the worshippers, while the woman's gallery was proof that Berlin is less modern than New York, and has not given to woman the seat by man's side, which modern society, to say nothing of the Christian religion, demands.

I was in the Dresden synagogue during the morning service, and found there a small congregation, an unimpressive worship, and more than the common indifference of manner in the bearing of the people. Probably the Jews are zealous in their own way, but this worship seemed to me to be anything but divine worship. I do not remember to have seen in any place of worship such inattention and off-hand ways of going through the responses. Yet it is a question how far Christians, on the average, would do any better, if the services were held during business hours, and the prayer book and the price current were pulling the heart strings at the same time, and the stock market and the altar were bidding at once for the affections.

Here in Prague I attended service last evening in the famous old synagogue, after having examined the building and the cemetery during the day. The cemetery is a startling sight and the grave-stones and monuments whose antiquity dates further back than the oldest stones of our great European cathedrals. It is claimed that fugitives from the fall of Jerusalem, in the first century, came hither and set up their worship and buried their dead : and the oldest monuments are said to bear dates as remote as the fifth century, although I could not make out the inscriptions, except to see the characteristic signs of the old tribes, such as the pitcher, the two hands, the grapes and the lion. It is a large enclosure, said to be an English mile in circumference, and seems to be overflowing with the dust of the dead, the stones touching and often overlapping each other. What a host of Israel is here ! And when I looked at the great smooth stone on which my guide said that the bodies were washed for the burial, the vision of this valley of bones was fearful, and a whole city of the dead laid there before me, on the banks of that river, Moldau, that has borne and still bears so much of the eventful life of these stirring Christian ages. The river itself has been somewhat intrusive,

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and they showed me the marks of its rising within the synagogue to a line considerably above the heads of the worshippers.

The scene at the old synagogue last evening was strange and memorable. The night was dismal and rainy, and we rode through the miserable Josephstadt, the quarter formerly assigned to the Jews, although now shared with them by Christians, and together amounting to some ten thousand people. It is a narrow, miserable place, the street being hardly wide enough to allow a fiacre to pass, and on each side doors opened into what seemed to be caverns or cells rather than houses, all sorts of odd kinds of food being displayed for sale by strange persons. There were plenty of children everywhere, and now and then a fine face, which proved that the daughters of Israel had not lost their line of descent from mother Eve nor forgotten all the traditions of Paradise.

We went down seven or eight steps into the synagogue, whose dim light did not allow us at first to discern the Gothic vaulting, and if we had not known what the place was, we might have taken it for a beer cellar. The walls were dark and dingy, and a few candles suggested rather than showed the fifty or sixty persons scattered about. The service had

apparently begun, for the leader or singer was at his task, chanting the prayers and Scriptures for the preparation of the Sabbath, while the door-keeper went on lighting the candles that were placed in various sockets and chandeliers, until the room was tolerably well lighted. At the right of the tabernacle a cluster of lights not badly represented the famous branched candlestick of the old temple. The rabbi preacher was not there, nor was there any sermon ; but the singer, with a deep voice of no especial musical capacity, led the services with responses from the people, and two boys relieved him at his task by reading in turn for him out of the sacred books.

In the wall back of where I sat, and just above our heads, were, I think, three small openings in the same line with a detached room on the left, where the women were supposed to be. The openings, three feet long, by a foot and a half wide, were very much like the windows in the stalls of horses. Whether any women were there at that time I do not know, but the arrangement seemed to me to be the most monstrous sign of the old oriental tyranny over the sex that I have ever seen. To go into the sanctuary by a separate door, and to be shut from sight and from full hearing in that kennel, is a destiny

that is hard to associate with the nineteenth century and the civilization of Europe. It is to be hoped that this den was built quite as much as a shelter from violence and persecution as a part of the house of prayer. How different from our American usages, whether in the usual order of our churches, or the rule of the newest synagogue in our city, where men and women sit side by side, and families are together before God, as at home. I remember well the consecration of that stately building, and what an array of ladies came with their lords, in attire as gorgeous in some cases as the edifice itself. It occurs to me that our New York Israelites are very far removed from the severity ascribed to the Polish Jews, who are said to require married women to cut off their hair, so as not to win favor in any man's intrusive eyes, and to be content with the husband's favor alone.

The visit to this old synagogue, whose ancient part, it is claimed, was built thirteen centuries ago, suggests the great changes through which the Jews have passed and are passing. It is evident that they are eminently an historical and not merely an ethnological race, and are taking a conspicuous part in our current civilization. The old distinction of Pharisee

and Sadducee do not exist now, except in the traits that belong to the human family, and lead certain minds to devout ceremonials and other minds to worldly thrift and practical morality. It does not seem to me, either, that the distinction between the usages or "Minhag" as it is called, of the two classes of Jews, the Portugese and the German, are now of dominant importance in comparison with distinctions that are growing out of more modern thought and society, just as the distinctions already named are said to have grown out of the ancient division between Southern Judea and the ten tribes of Northern Israel.

In America I have been more impressed with the influence of social habits and manners upon the Jewish synagogues than the marks of any positive advanced ideas. The Jews evidently wish to be socially on the same footing as their neighbors of equal education and substance, and therefore gladly conform to the current ways. They wish to have as good edifices and as good preaching and music as Christians, and do not desire to exaggerate the Hebrew peculiarity whether of language or ritual, in a country where the schools are open to all, and business, government and society invite all to equal

fellowship, and no ban nor exclusive favor is put upon any tribe or caste. Hence, in part, the introduction of the manners of American society into the synagogue, and the evident desire of some Jews to meet for worship on the day set apart by the whole nation for that purpose, and to use generally in song and prayer the tongue which is common to all, instead of limiting the same, as of old, to the Hebrew. In Europe of course, the same modern influences are at work, and for years it has been clear that the new ritual of society, and especially that mighty social code that regulates the dress, speech and manners of that mighty priesthood, fashion, with its two powerful orders of lady and gentleman, has been at work in old Israel, and making all things new. In Berlin, I was struck with the social prestige of the Jews, and their ability to equal the Christians in their homes and counting-houses, to worship, perhaps, in a handsomer edifice, and to bury their dead in at least as impressive a cemetery.

Modern ideas are also at work; and the sermons of the Reformed Jews read very much like those of many who are styled liberal Christians in America and England. I once read a volume of sermons by Stein, of Frankfort I believe, and these were

excellent specimens of practical, undogmatic preaching, and more marked by Hebrew parable than by Jewish exclusiveness. The Jewish Year Books in Germany have very much the same spirit; and some of them, like the large annuals published at Vienna, embody much learning and ability.

In fact, I am surprised to be assured on high authority that the press in Austria is very generally in the hands of the Jews; and if a paper of any mark is started there, they are likely before long to get possession of its columns. Two great interests seem to be largely in their control, money and music, or the means of living and the art of cheering life on; and those who control these powers may largely rule the press which is the organ of business and society.

As to the deeper currents of opinion, I have not time now to consider them nor to conjecture the future of Hebrew religion. It is evident that the Jews widely are yielding their rigid peculiarities of belief and ceremony, and are feeling the power of the advanced thought of Christendom. It seemed to me that in Berlin, where they are so strong in every way, they are accepting the influence of the highest Christian wisdom there taught. As I looked upon the bust of the Christianized Jew,

Neander, in the large University Hall, and saw not far from it the fine head of Schleiermacher, who made a new era in German faith, by approaching Christianity upon the rational and spiritual side, and showing it to be above nature and man, but not against them, or supernatural and superhuman, but not unnatural or inhuman, I understood better the workings of opinion among the higher class of Jews.

Lately one of the most brilliant Jewish ladies of Berlin was baptized and received into the Christian Church, and it is worthy of note that the minister who performed the right was none other than the Rev. Dr. Sydow, the leading representative of the Schleiermacher school of theology. Here, too, the Jews may claim some share in the ideas that are converting them, for Schleiermacher, who learned piety from the Moravian devotees, learned philosophy of Benedict Spinoza, the Jewish sage, whom the synagogue rejected. Such is the fate of Israel, to rule the world by the sons whom it rejects more than by the sons whom it honors.

## A SUNDAY IN NUREMBERG.



Munich, August 10, 1869.

Munich looks like the newest of German cities, and before examining its beauties and grandeur I cannot resist the temptation to share with you some of my impressions of a little visit to Nuremberg, the oldest of German towns, and perhaps to an American the strangest place in all Europe. I arrived from Prague early on Sunday morning, after a night of rain and fog that made the Bohemian forest as dark as the miller's head in the picture of his mill at midnight, a picture so dark it was said that neither miller nor mill were to be seen.

We found at the station two stout officials, like church beadles, with great staffs in their hands to set us right, and we soon drove through the massive Frauenthor into the town of pointed gables, odd windows and pinnacles, massive walls and arches, that



seemed to let you into the heart of the middle ages. There is a kind of family likeness throughout all the architecture, and yet the most daring variety, as in some large families where the same blood looks out of a dozen pairs of wide-awake eyes, smiles from as many rosy cheeks and speaks from as many pleasant and perhaps saucy lips. The pointed style runs through the whole city, and sometimes is quite as marked in a simple gable, or small tower on the corner of the house, or a bay-window, or a brave little cupola or even a single spur of gilded iron, as in the spires of the great churches of St. Lawrence and St. Sebald, or the towers of the old imperial Schloss. It seemed like a mediæval Pompeii that had been preserved alike from growth and death, not beneath the ashes of Vesuvius, but under the lava from the mighty crater of the Protestant reformation.

Yet the city is neither dead nor buried. Within the walls there is much stir ; and outside the walls a new world of enterprise, wealth and pleasure is showing itself, and swelling the population to the goodly number of 70,000. The first conspicuous sign of life that struck my eye as I rode on, was what looked like a handsome carpet before a courtyard door, but it was a parterre of flowers, and the

sidewalk had been covered with green leaves and upon them as a ground work roses, fuchsias and geraniums were strewn. This was probably for the foot of some blushing bride to tread upon, as she went from her father's house to walk through life with her husband, upon a way that is not likely to be wholly without thorns. It is the old, old story, only told on Sunday, with the church bells as accompaniment—a very good accompaniment, if it is understood.

It was soon church time at the famous old St. Lawrence, a noble Gothic building, that dates 1287, 1477, and has recently been entirely restored, evidently in that spirit that moves the nations of Europe to look upon all grand old churches as public treasures, as well as pious monuments of faith. Probably the Bavarian kings who have held this old imperial city since 1806, have had much to do with this work of restoring one of the finest churches of all Germany. It is strange to an American to find a form of worship in some respects extremely Protestant in a building so evidently Roman Catholic in its structure and arrangements. There was the high altar with the crucifix and lighted candles, five on each side and one by itself in front. On the

right of the altar was the famous stone tabernacle, sixty-four feet high, which took Adam Krafft and his two assistants, who are represented in the three supporting figures, four whole years to finish. But I need not describe the edifice and its features as the guide-books are minute enough, and my business is with the living portion of the church service. Life there evidently was, for the altar was surrounded by flowers, not merely small baskets or bouquets, but great clusters of green shrubs with rich blooms of roses, fuchsias, geraniums and petunias. On the baptismal font a heavy salver of silver, with a pitcher was placed, and encircled with flowers. The congregation was large, and many stood attentively during the whole service. I observed them as they came in, and they were generally an intelligent looking people, with an air of good breeding and reverence in their bearing. Many of them seemed to belong to the more educated, refined class of society, and to know enough of the fashions to secure a certain grace without any show of extravagance. Many young persons were present, and they kept the good ways of their fathers, and before taking their seats they stood a while devoutly, evidently in private prayer.

What seems strange to us in the German Protestant churches is, that so much of the worship seems to go on without being presided over by the minister, and the singing here began some time before he made his appearance. He did not stand at all at the altar, but appeared only in the pulpit, and before and after his office of prayer and preaching. The people were singing at the top of their voices, with the blazing lights of the altar as the only visible representative of the ministry of the sanctuary. In time the preacher appeared in the pulpit and offered prayer and read the Scriptures, the reading of which brings out a marked and impressive characteristic of German Protestant worship. The people all rise as soon as the minister begins to read the Bible and in this act, as well as in the grand congregational chorals, the heart of old Martin Luther is alive and at work. The whole assembly seemed to say by their act, "God has revealed himself to us, and spoken to us, and we can and will hear Him for ourselves and not merely through an exclusive priesthood. We have ministering brethren and not masters, and we will stand by our Christian birth-right and have God speak to us from his own word."

In addition to the usual congregational choral

hymns, there was an elaborate piece of music sung by a large choir in a gallery, beneath the organ, with a rich and varied orchestra ranging apparently from flutes and violins to trumpets and drums. I could not make out the words, but it was a grand musical composition, and at times, when the sopranos and tenors led the strain, it was beautiful in pathos, as it was thrilling in power when the full choir with the trumpets and drums swelled the sound.

The preacher who stood in a massive stone pulpit on the side of the nave, was very earnest, speaking, as is the German habit, wholly without notes, but with careful preparation. His manner was free and animated, with much variety in tone, voice and gesture, and he had entire command of the congregation—a fact all the more interesting, in that he was not young nor remarkable in appearance, but a somewhat elderly and venerable looking man, more marked by godly unction than by sensational rhetoric. After the sermon a choral hymn was sung, a prayer was offered, and some notices were given, and the service seemed closed by the benediction. But as I stopped to look at the pictures and statues it was evident that something more was to take place,

as so many gathered about the altar among the flowers. Soon the minister appeared there, and a man and woman stood before him, and behind them was an older man who seemed to be the father of the woman. It was a wedding in the gravest style, and the bride wore the plainest possible black dress, without a ruffle, ribbon or flower. The service too, was plain, and the minister lacked grace of manner ; and the ritual had little beauty. The bridal party, with the minister, then retired, but still the company lingered and other persons joined them. Soon the minister came back, and another couple with fatherly attendant drew near, and a second marriage took place with more ritual demonstration, with a fine piece of music for the occasion, and more of poetry in the dress of the bride, whose graceful and simple attire was crowned with a wreath of leaves and white flowers and a delicate drooping vine. These parties seemed to be of higher social condition, and also in the bloom of youth ; while the others will probably never see their thirtieth year again.

So passed the two Sunday morning hours in Nuremberg, that ancient city on the river Pegnitz. The worship was edifying and suggestive ; yet I

could not but be reminded of the striking paradox that the German Lutheran church presents, the retaining so much of the outward symbolism of the old faith, and almost wholly abandoning its forms of worship. The altar lights, and even the communion cups, were left to speak for themselves, and there seemed to be no pastoral supervision of the whole service from beginning to end. In Protestant England a cathedral or church furnished as that was on Sunday would bring down the wrath of the public, who hate altar lights, and even the judgment of the law that allows no crucifix ; yet even the Liberals of Protestant England, such as Unitarians, would call this worship very meagre, and say that it was disjointed and fragmentary. Does not Germany need some reform in church ways ; and will not she be happy if her coming reformer is a man who has Wesley's fire without his extravagance, and Pusey's church sentiment without his mediæval rigidity ? Christendom needs living and organic religion. When will Germany do her part towards the gift, and give us worship in which the fiery Luther, the scholarly Melancthon and the elegant Erasmus shall combine their influence, and continue and crown their work ?

A sketch of a few evening hours in Nuremberg

shall close my notes of my Sunday there. I sauntered out of the Haller gate towards evening, to find St. John's Cemetery, where the old citizens are buried. The path led me outside along the old moat, which is now dry and cultivated, and in parts built upon. Many things were going on upon what was once the bed of the guardian waters. Here was a set of merry girls chatting and romping together in the cottage garden, and next was a beer restaurant, with groups of revellers under the trees and a few men putting their heads together to sing a noisy glee. Last of all I saw there a shooting range where men were trying their skill in hitting a wooden dragon that was fastened on top of a high pole, to be shot at with a crossbow, which was strung to its full power by a long lever. The player seemed generally to hit the mark, and the board dragon was likely to be splintered into bits. It was a strange pastime for philosophical Germans on Sunday, and the last candidate for the honors of the crossbow was a huge man of at least three hundred pounds weight, who hit the dragon a hard blow and filled the air with splinters.

At the gate of the cemetery there is a large group of figures in stone, representing the Crucifixion—



Christ, the two thieves, and Mary and St. John. An old man came and sat down near these figures, while across the river, over the Haller meadows, there came a strain of music, not the "Stabat Mater" that one might like to hear at that place and hour, but the jovial music of a band, probably from a dancing garden, that was advertised on hand-bills as to be particularly fine that night. Soon two young men came along, very likely from that garden, one of them noisy and apparently drunk, and bent upon entering the cemetery. He went to the old man under the cross and vociferated at him, partly it seemed, in jest and partly, in kindness, and then reeled away with his companion. I went into the Lutheran Chapel, with its relics of saints and reformers, and saw its little treasures of art. Then I visited the plain graves, which were marked only by an oblong stone and brass plate, of Albert Dürer, the artist, and Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet of the sixteenth century, and walked in the new stone arcades, where mourners now leave their wreathes and offerings of love for the dead. To my surprise, in a room with glass doors, at the end of the arcade, I saw four bodies laid out in a kind of state for burial—three children and one grown man. They looked

like wax figures—but no, it was real death ; and that young man who laid there in his white, shroud, with a palm branch in his hand, and a lighted taper at his head, was a startling companion-figure to the youth who reeled up to that old man who sat by the Cross of Christ at the gateway. I went home in some respects a sadder, and I hope a wiser man, after that Sunday in Nuremberg.

## ASPECTS OF RELIGION IN EUROPE.



Munich, August, 1869.

In going through Europe somewhat rapidly, one of course, cannot expect to see fully into the real religious thought and life of the people, yet first impressions are not to be despised, and I confess that I have been much more deeply impressed by the evidences of religious interest than I expected. I wrote you something of my views of the religion of England from six weeks of observation there, and since leaving London every day has thrown some light upon the great subject.

I came to the Continent not by the usual route from Dover to Calais, but through the South of England by way of Exeter, Salisbury, Winchester, Chichester and Brighton to Dieppe—a route which enabled me to see four great English cathedrals, to visit the shrines, for so I call the places where they

lived and wrote, of George Herbert, John Keble, and F. W. Robertson, and to see some of the charming churches and cathedrals in Normandy, where the sacred passion of the old Catholic devotion appears as I had never before seen it. Everywhere it was clear to me that religion is not dying out before the new science and art. The Roman Catholic churches are open everywhere for daily services, as I expected, but I was not prepared for such signs of zeal in the Church of England; and not only in the Episcopal cathedrals, but in many of the parish churches there was daily service, as in the old church of George Herbert at Bemerton, and in the charming new parish church at Hursley, that holds the precious dust of John Keble. The dissenting chapels also are evidently alive, and I was led to think that the Methodists and various orders of Independents were holding their own, if not enlarging it. The tone of the English favors institutional, rather than merely speculative religion; and the most pronounced liberalism that I encountered makes no secret of its desire to embody its liberal spirit in substantial and edifying church institutions. The time of captious controversy is evidently over, and the day of practical co-operation and charity is coming.

In Normandy, France, a wholly new state of things opened upon me, and the Catholic churches were all in a glow of devout life. The edifices themselves seem to feel the heart of the people, and were expressive of devout zeal in their whole structure and adorning. England has grand cathedrals, yet they are generally too empty and cold, and they have been altered and fenced up within in such a way as to break the unity of effect and make it hard to have any adequate expression of the building as a whole. It is true that this mischief is being corrected, and better taste is uniting with more generous bounty to restore the great temples of English faith to something like their proper religious impressiveness. In many cases, as at Chester and Salisbury, costly improvements are in progress, and the vandalism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is in many respects disappearing. In Normandy there has been no break in the harmony between the temple and its use; and the churches look and speak out their expression upon you at once.

At Rouen there are half a dozen churches that are wonders of impassioned faith; and as you enter the doors you see the whole story of the incarnation

before you, as beyond the choir, with its high altar, you see the rich lights of the windows of the Lady Chapel, and need not to be told what the building teaches; that God's word entered our humanity by being born of woman and that you must look beyond the Divine Son to the Blessed Womanhood that is forever consecrated by him. Of course the prominence given to the Virgin Mary in these cathedrals is not to our Protestant taste, and I am speaking of it now only as a fact that is written upon the architecture and light of these wonderful old structures. I was not a little startled, also, by the marks of the devotion to Mary in some of the new decorations of the old buildings, and especially in the new Church of Bon Secour, on the high hill of Rouen. Generally these new decorations are cheap and tawdry, so as to be more proof of an easy sentiment than of pious sacrifice. But this church on the height is of the most costly kind, and is filled with marble, glass, brass and gold, that are gifts of devout believers. The walls are wainscoted high with polished marble slabs, each of which bears a sentence from the enthusiastic donor, recording the mercy of the Heavenly Mother in answering the petitions for her intercession with God. The present tendency

of the Roman Catholic religion is largely in the same direction, and I was somewhat surprised, as I touched the Rhine at Cologne and entered Prussia, to find a new and stately memorial of the Virgin Mary in front of the house of the Archbishop, the gift of the people of the city, and a tribute to the late decree of the Immaculate Conception.

In Paris the Roman Catholic churches have been carefully renovated, and are kept open in a remarkable way, for not only may one find entrance all day, but the large front doors are usually so opened that he who runs may see, and the altars, statues and pictures seem to be placed in arches or arcades that are parts of the out-door street. Comparatively few people are inside at any one time, yet the impression is given that religion as an institution is there a great power; and in the course of the whole week the number of 'attendants' is large, I found the beautiful Church of the Madeleine full on Sunday morning at early mass, and so also the Church of the Invalides at noon, and the splendid new Church of St. Augustine in the afternoon. I went twice my first Sunday in Paris to the American Chapel, in De Berri Street, partly from national feeling, as the day was July 4th, and partly from desire to keep Sunday

in Paris in our old-fashioned way. The audience was good. The preaching was earnest though not in a very enlarged spirit; and the singing was especially fine, and a charming remembrance of our blessed Sundays at home. I went also to the communion there in the afternoon, and saw the ceremony of admission to the church in the New England way, in evident sincerity and zeal, such as ought to win respect.

Any worshipper who loves the grand simplicity of the Apostolic Church communion, would gladly have dispensed with most of the commonplace talk that was given around the sacred table. Between the two officiating ministers there were, I think, three, if not four addresses made, beside the long prayers; and I could not but contrast this wearisome prolixity with the simple grandeur of the liturgical communion service at Rev. Mr. Lamson's chapel, which I attended two Sundays afterwards, where I also found a fair audience for midsummer. After that service we had a baptism at the house of an American family at a pleasant chateau near the Bois de Boulogne; it was interesting to find among our people at church and home so much loyalty to the good old ways. The parents of the little child



participated in the ordinance, and the minister welcomed the little lamb to the fold of the Good Shepherd, in the words of the hymn of baptism from the service book of the Church of the Messiah, which contains these words :

“ Into a world of toil  
These little feet will roam,  
Where sin its purity may soil,  
Where care and grief may come.  
Oh, then, let thy pure love,  
With influence serene,  
Come down, like water, from above,  
To comfort and make clean.”

In Southern Germany I found great signs of activity in the leading Catholic churches, and it seemed to be the custom, among the parish churches in Cologne, to gather their school children to the daily morning mass and drill them in the catechism. The organs and choirs were good ; and in the great Cologne cathedral, which is likely to be finished by the Prussian government in seven years, it is said, I heard the Vesper service sung with rare beauty one afternoon of the week. In Northern Germany one feels a wholly different atmosphere ; and here secular education, more than church religion, seems to

be the ruling idea. There are comparatively few churches in Berlin, and these not very handsome, except the magnificent chapel in the old palace of the Schloss. I looked into the St. Hedwig Catholic church on Sunday morning early, and few were there. At church hours a large audience listened to Dr. Strauss, not the radical of that name, in the Protestant cathedral; and I found a fair congregation at the American Methodist church where the managers were liberal enough to invite a preacher not of their own denomination.

It was late in the season to see much of Berlin society, yet the most interesting men, the scholars, were still in the city; and in great part from the kindness and hospitality of George Bancroft, our United States Minister, I saw these splendid men under the most favorable auspices, especially Dorner and Trendelenburg, the noted professors severally of theology and philosophy. The latter is of the Kantian school, and a clear-headed, acute metaphysician and an accomplished, elegant man of society.

Dorner is the pattern of the sacred scholar, and the interviews with him were blessed enough to have repaid the trouble of the journey to Berlin. I had spent many days in the woods at Fairfield

over his great prize book on the History of Protestant Theology, and now I have talked to him face to face. He is a great liberal thinker and a great believer—the best specimen of the Broad Church theologian that I have met in Europe—the most thorough Christian scholar and thinker of our day. His views are somewhat like the liberal orthodoxy of Dr. Bushnell, but he has far more learning and definiteness. He does not go with the extreme Lutheran ritualists in their adoration of the letter of the Bible and the ordinances of the Church, nor will he be identified with the liberals of the Free Protestant Union, who are for removing all conditions of faith, and throwing open church-fellowship and suffrage to all who care, or seem to care, for any sort of religion. He thinks their last yearly meeting wild and disgraceful. He considers himself Unitarian, and also Trinitarian, and maintains that God is one absolute personality in three modes of being not merely modes of manifestation; and he regards this as the pure doctrine of Athanasius and the great fathers of the Fourth century. He can say thus with Dean Stanley, that he would no sooner think of calling himself Anti-Trinitarian than Anti-Unitarian; and he wishes to keep clear of all

sectarian narrowness, such as so afflicts a certain class of limited minds.

He professed to have close fellowship with Martensen and Liebner, with whom he had lately an important conference in Switzerland. He gave me a note of introduction to Liebner, whose work on Christ's Nature I knew and prized; but I was surprised to find this champion of what is called the Love Christology so high in position as to be the head of the Lutheran school in Saxony. His leading principle is, that God's being must be so full and perfect that he must have within himself the object as well as the source of supreme love, and hence he interprets the one God as Father, Son and Spirit, one absolute personality, with a certain threeness of life.

On Sunday morning I called on Liebner, and also went to his church. The service was at nine o'clock, and the congregation was so large that many stood in the aisles. The services were impressive, yet peculiar; quite excellent in parts, but strangely wanting in astute wholeness. The singing began before the assistant minister came in and conducted the altar service of chanting prayers and reading the Scriptures, and the minister did not enter

the pulpit till the altar service was through. The preacher Dr. Langbein, was earnest, eloquent and enlightened, and gave a sermon upon Christ's weeping over Jerusalem that kept the attention of the great audience for nearly an hour, with one interval for singing in the course of the sermon ; to me an odd but not a bad idea. He spoke wholly without notes, and with great personal freedom and grace of voice and action. His head reminded me somewhat of that of Dr. Alexander H. Vinton, of New York.

The singing was choral, and very hearty and impressive, as if the pulse and breath of old Martin Luther still moved the people. The building is very heavy and clumsy, a nave with great pillars dividing it from the single aisle ; at the end of the nave a high stone altar piece, with statues in stone, two crucifixes, and two candles not lighted. The pulpit is in the middle of the nave, against the wall, The seats were made for only one person, and were locked until the rightful occupant appeared or the sermon was to begin. In front of the altar stood a handsome baptismal font, with a white cover surmounted by a carving of a small lamb. There were some strange ways in the church, and without being

an extreme ritualist, I confess that I was a little startled at seeing the font made use of as a hat-stand, and the four hats on its cover completely hid the little lamb from sight.

The Germans are an odd people, and have a way of mixing strange blunders with beautiful taste, and this seemed to me one of their clownish blunders. Yet the service was grand and impressive, and the school singing moved me, devotionally, more than the magnificent music of orchestra, organ, and choir of men and boys at the Catholic mass afterwards. There, too, we saw a strange thing, pompous beadles with dress swords and tall staffs, separated the men and women from each other—the women on the left, the men on the right—and then went about to rebuke, and if need be, to touch all the refractory heads that dared turn towards the ladies or the music.

Drs. Liebner and Langbein preach in the Sophien-Kirche, which is full to overflowing, while the much handsomer church of the same Lutheran order, the Frauen-Kirche, near by, is almost empty, and has only twenty or thirty persons in the congregation. This fact surprised me, and I asked the reason; and was told that the great assembly attended the New School preaching, and preferred to have something

of the thought and culture of the nineteenth century in the pulpit, instead of being confined to the old articles of doctrine and the old bondage of the letter—a preference which you agree, doubtless, with your correspondent in thinking to be wholly right and reasonable.

## ART AND RELIGION IN BAVARIA.



Munich, August, 1869.

This city surprises a novice, so far beyond anticipation are its dimensions and its magnificence. I expected to see wonderful museums and cabinets of antiquities and art, but was not prepared for this new Byzantium, in which the Bavarian King Louis has done here, in the spirit of art, on the banks of the Isar, very much what Constantine tried to do on the Bosphorus, in the spirit of conquest. It is true that most of the magnificence is of the school of self-laudation, and an American would be willing to believe more in the glories of Bavaria and its royal pedigrees if less were written about it in brass and marble, and on canvas and fresco. Yet all this show is on the surface and on the casket. The casket has treasures that no kingly pride can narrow, and which appeal to the soul of our race and the judgment of



ages. The greatest things here to me are the National Museum, which enables you to read the history of Christendom with the comments of its domestic, mechanical and festive art, and the old Pinakothek, which has most memorable masterpieces of painting, which considering the number, are nowhere surpassed in excellence. Van Dyck's "Holy Family," in the third saloon, is worth the journey hither. In the ninth saloon where Raphael and Perugino meet together in such intimacy and fulness, we see at once where the great master of the beautiful found his earliest inspiration and his purest discipline. It is a sanctuary of high art. I will not multiply words in these matters of criticism, where others much wiser have preceeded me.

The International Exhibition, now open in the Royal Crystal Palace, is well worthy of its princely neighbors, and its pictures, with those of the Exhibition of Old Masters, now on view near the Glyptothek, are of the highest rank. One is most struck with the free, rational and progressive spirit that appears in most of the paintings and statuary in the International Collection. There is enough here and everywhere to keep up the old feudal, military and priestly notions ; but beyond mistake the nineteenth

century makes its mark here, and sets up the forms and ideas of its dominant thinkers, and remembers generously its ancient sages and saints. It was good to see Confucius and Socrates side by side in stately marble, and Columbus and Dante, Gahler and Humboldt looking each other in the face, while powerful drawings and paintings spread on every side the empire of thought, from Plato's banquet to Goethe's and Schiller's heroes and heroines. Some admirable paintings and sculptures brought before the eye the true heart and mind of Christ and his friends, and relieved the spectator from the spectral shapes that are so often made to pass as exclusively Christian. Everywhere, moreover, childhood and womanhood had their due from gifted pencils and chisels, and I was greatly cheered and charmed by the large and genial humanity of this exhibition. There was but little of American work there, and Healey's fine portrait of Longfellow and his daughters, and Kaufman's stirring pictures of the negroes seeking the protection of our blessed old Flag, and the Indians attacking the Pacific Railroad, are the most prominent marks of our national art and history in the exhibition. Yet sculpture is largely represented by Americans in Munich, and

Randolph Rogers has just added some striking designs to the works that have already been put into bronze for Americans at the great foundry.

The pleasantest feature of all Munich, the charming English Garden, that seems to the eye about as large as our Central Park, is apparently due to the taste of an American, and our New Hampshire genius, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, is honored as the designer. It has little architectural embellishment, but is a lovely arrangement of woods and waters, lawns, shrubbery, walks and drives. It is modestly named English Garden, when it is the finest park that I have yet seen on the Continent. It is pleasant to associate Count Rumford's name with this work, and also to see his statue here on the principal street in front of the National Museum.

When an American enters the second branch of the International Exhibition, he is amazed at the contrast between this poverty of industrial enterprise and that magnificence of beautiful art. It is astonishing that Munich has nothing more and better to show for her educated industry than this. Here are good leather work, book-binding, carving in ivory and wood, candles, chairs and tables; tolerably good carriages, and miserably poor fire-engines, little

better than garden watering machines. At the same time here are excellent plaster and bronze medallions of Christ and the apostles for churches, and magnificent dresses for the priests, uniforms for soldiers and harnesses for horses. What we Americans regard as the utilities are strangely neglected, and tools and machines of the labor-saving kind are little thought of and cared for. In Dresden it is much the same, and at a fire the week that we were there, the fire department was a strange sight, that would make our New Yorkers stare. The firemen rode to the scene in droskies, while a jolly crew, mainly of boys, followed with the little garden engine, and some stout burghers tugged away at hogsheads that refused to hold the water entrusted to them, and unhappily insisted upon leaking just at the time of need. I saw the fire department at Nuremberg last Sunday, and was amazed at the spectacle. The men were fine, stout yeomen, marching in solid ranks, with leather helmets capped with burnished brass, while the little engine was dragged behind, mostly by boys. I do not wish to boast, but I may be allowed to rejoice in the originality and grandeur of our industrial art, and say that one of our New York steam fire-engines might almost

suck up at a breath the whole fire department of these famous German cities, where the beautiful arts are carried to such wonderful perfection.

One cause of the neglect of industry here may be the enormous proportion of the military class, for in Bavaria, with a population short of five millions, there is a standing army of nearly fifty thousand men, or more than the present army of the United States, which is only forty-eight thousand. Not only does this great army engross the best strength of the people and consume the products of the soil, but it tends to set up a false standard of dignity and to exalt the arts of war above the arts of peace. What Europe finds it hard to understand, is the union in America of warlike valor with industrial tastes; and the fact that our army of a million of men went back at once to business and farming, is something that they have never stopped wondering at here. This fact, and our paying off our great war debt, gives every American traveller a high position in Europe now. Should we repudiate our debt, or fail to pay the interest, there would be a speedy evacuation of Europe by all Americans with any sort of sensibility, and no man of true national feeling would be willing to show his head here.

One would suppose that in the absorption of so many able bodied men by the army, there would be a great demand for workingmen, but there does not seem to be much competition for their labor; and a common laborer, I am told, has only forty-eight kreutzers or thirty-two cents in silver a day, while skilled labor is paid only one florin and twelve kreutzers, or forty-eight cents a day. Living seems to be cheap here. One can take a drive of an hour for forty cents, and the room which I occupy, is furnished with a dozen pictures, a good selection of books and a piano, and costs me but sixty cents a day, with an additional charge of sixteen cents a day for service.

I hope to see and hear something of religion tomorrow. I observe by this morning's paper that twenty-six Catholic churches are advertised as open for service Sunday, one Protestant and one Greek church. The Protestant church is a large, excellent building, with a little park and fountain in the rear. The services there tomorrow are announced to be five in number, under different preachers,—thus: prayer at six o'clock; early service at eight; principal service at ten; instruction of girls in religion at half past eleven; at three an hour of devotion.

Of the 170,000 population, 16,000 are counted as Protestants. The Catholic churches that I have seen are magnificent in the interior, and even the plain old brick cathedral that dates from 1468, is a wonder of splendid decoration within, and has a remarkable monument to the Emperor Lewis, the Bavarian, who died in 1347. This monument is in black marble, with bold figures in bronze, and dates from 1625.

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I first visited the Court Chapel of All Saints, which is a small building, with no conspicuous exterior, but within a gem of Byzantine art, magnificent with marble pillars and walls, and rich fresco paintings. It was the nine o'clock mass and the assembly was small. I then went to the Protestant church, and found it quite interesting in every way. It is an elliptical building, with the altar on the side wall in the middle, and the pulpit near it. In the centre of the great ceiling there is a large fresco painting of God the Father, Christ, and the Holy Spirit, angels around, and the twelve apostles below. There is a picture of the Crucifixion upon the altar, and above, in the recess of the arch, a kneeling angel apparently in marble. On the altar were two candelabras with three candles in each, not lighted, and

between them was a small crucifix. A large organ stood behind and above the altar, and led the singing without any other choir than the people at large, who sang with all their heart and lungs, beginning their chorus before the minister came in. The service was impressive at the altar, and the people chanted responses to the prayers with great spirit. The sermon followed, and was earnest and practical, without being eloquent, and was attentively listened to by the large assembly—large for a rainy Sunday, such as it was; and perhaps numbering twelve hundred people, in a church that would hold twenty-five hundred, and is in good weather crowded. It is the only Protestant church in Munich, but the boxes announced contributions to a fund for a second church. The people had a very substantial look, were reverential in their bearing, and the number of men, especially of young men, was very large.

I afterwards heard military mass in St. Michael's splendid church, and listened to a part of the sermon before the mass, from a priest who preached in the most impassioned style of voice and gesture, ringing changes upon the name and virtues of Maria, the Virgin Mary. The music of the great military band was admirable, but less bold and impressive than



at the same service at the Church of the Invalides, Paris, which I heard in July. It was short, and took but a half hour, and I was able to visit the Basilica of St. Boniface, a most remarkable building of the Italian style of the fifth and sixth centuries, plain outside but magnificent within, with four rows of polished gray marble columns, and exquisite frescoes on the walls. It has no seats, except at the sides, and is a severe and charming reproduction of the old Basilica of Rome. It is two hundred and sixty-two feet long and one hundred and twenty-four feet broad, and was completed in 1850.

With all these churches and church-going, Sunday is not a wholly godly day in Munich. From eleven o'clock until three the stores are open for business, and at night the theatres, concerts, dance gardens and beer saloons are in full blast ; and I am told on good authority that a considerable proportion of Munich is quietly drunk on Sunday night. I am not much fascinated with the European Sunday, and hold still stoutly to our intelligent American ideas on that subject. Let the day be cheerful and full of all high thought and genial affection, not gloomy nor sepulchral ; the day of the soul and of God, and of all divinely human love ; but apart from all revelry

and all business cares, and all pleasures, so called, that make toil and trouble for servants and workmen. Our America will take a great step downward when she gives up her calm and uplifting Sabbath for the European holy day. We may enliven, but let us not do away, the good old sanctity of the altar and the home.

I depended upon seeing the great scholar Döllinger here, the head of the German liberals in the Catholic Church, and the successor of Möhler's honored name, but he was out of town when I sought him, and the only remaining day is too rainy to let me hope to see him. His position is difficult in this hot-bed of loyal and probably of ultramontane Romanism. It is greatly to be desired that the principal body of German Catholics who are not ultramontane, and who believe that the Pope is not infallible, that the Church is more than the priesthood, and that the modern ages are not to be cursed as rebellious against God, should show their colors and make us all see the difference between Christian Catholicity and Italian priestcraft. I have little quarrel with the Church Catholic, but must quarrel with the policy of Antonelli and associates, who are pulling the wires probably of the politico-religious

machine, whose decrees assail liberty of conscience and aim to revive the ages of persecution. I was glad to hear one distinguished Roman Catholic prelate say, that the Pope's letter had done much to stir up Spain against the ultra church party there, and I was equally glad to hear from a prince, whose brother is a cardinal, that in his own opinion, the Pope's Encyclical letter was treason against man and rebellion against God, in its war upon the human mind and the new ages of free thought. Here in Munich, I, who am nobody, say "Amen" to the prince's words.

## THE TYROLESE AND THE SWISS.



St. Moritz, August 30, 1869.

One is sometimes interesting because he knows all about a subject, and another is interesting because he knows nothing and like a child shares with us the eagerness of his first sight of things. Here among the Tyrolese and Swiss mountains and valleys I can claim only the latter, and wholly as a child can I prattle of my new and charming experience. I have come from Munich by Salzburg, through the valley of the Inn into the Tyrol and through the lower and upper valley of the Engadine, to this high retreat, where five thousand, seven hundred and ten feet above the sea, so many hundreds of people have been and are seeking health at the Paracelsus fountain, and I can only say in all simplicity that I am taken wholly by surprise, and I did not suppose that there were such scenes of beauty and sublimity

in the world. Yet to many it is an old story, and instead of trying to describe the country, I will content myself with giving a few impressions of the people, especially of their religion.

There is a great difference between the manners and institutions of the Tyrolese and the Swiss, although they are both mountaineers; and I can say decidedly that thus far I have never seen a people who manifest so much religion as the Tyrolese, and so little as the Swiss. In the Tyrol, and in fact in the whole mountain region of Austria between Salzburg and the Tyrol, the country is ecclesiastical, and you are seldom out of sight of a church or shrine. On the house and hotel, on the well and stable, on the rock by the wayside, or high up the mountain, and in regular stations, you see the crucifix, or the picture of the Madonna, or some effigy of bishop or saint. In some cases, as at the Maria Plana at Salzburg, it is the evident purpose to unite the parts of the magnificent landscape like the beads of a rosary with a thread of devotion, and you are led from station to station by inscriptions and pictures, until you find yourself at the high altar, with the official priest standing ready to relieve mother Nature of her guidance over your footsteps, and to give you the

odor of incense instead of the fragrance of flowers.

In the Tyrol you can rarely find a striking feature of the landscape, without some reminder of church power; and a shrine on the mountain top or a statue before the water-fall calls you to worship the God of nature, according to the rubrics of the priesthood. Sometimes the association of ideas was strange and startling, as when the hostler drove his horses into an underground stable that bore the inscription: "Thou help of sinners pray for us," or when we ate our bread and meat, and drank our simple Tyrol wine at a hotel table, over which hung a massive crucifix, stately enough for a church altar.

As soon as we passed into Switzerland at Martin's Bridge, all this changed, and the churches were few and other signs of devotion were almost entirely wanting. The ringing of a church bell and the sight of a few plain chapels were all that outwardly reminded me, during my first Sunday in Switzerland, that I had entered a Christian country, as I rode at evening as far as the pretty town of Schuls. Yet, there is still much faith and zeal among the Swiss, although it is not easy to see the fire, that of old, kindled on these mountains the beacon lights of the new Protestantism.

Sunday morning, August 22, I attended the little church at Ried, a Tyrolese village on the way from Landeck to Nauders. I find that this place was once looked upon as a frontier post of the old religion, and that the Capuchin monastery was erected there in the seventeenth century as a barrier against the advance of Protestantism in this direction from Switzerland. On the front of the church there was a large fresco painting of the Host, with figures of saints and angels, as if to lift up the symbol of priestly faith before high heaven in face of the ungodly radicalism of Zwingli and his crew. Inside of the church, matters had quite as strong a look of old Rome, and a Capuchin monk in brown serge gown, with crucifix and rope around his waist, was preaching with great force to a large congregation, among whom were some thirty or forty women in white bonnets and uniform gowns, who seemed to be Sisters of Charity or of some religious order. I did not hear the preacher distinctly, but he appeared to be urging the worth of the life of faith and love, and to be especially bent on reaching the hearts of the young, and of all who had not positively taken up the cross. He was a good preacher, and a little of his fire would not hurt the rank and file of our

routine orders of clergy. It seemed to be an assembly of people who had gone on in the old way with little of modern times to stir them, except the sight of telegraph posts and wires. It was interesting to walk through their churchyard and note their signs of regard for the dead. In many instances fresh flowers were laid upon the graves in the form of the cross, and the earth was made into little mounds, which seemed to indicate that only children were buried there, if it were not that so many of the mounds were of this size; so perhaps the earth was thus heaped up only for remembrance in general of the dead.

Yesterday, August 29, I tried to form a sufficient idea of the worship in this great Swiss watering-place and its neighborhood, to give you an opinion of the state of religious institutions here. I accordingly went at eight in the morning to the little chapel of our Cur-Haus to attend the Roman Catholic mass. A young priest officiated and a Capuchin friar, a hardy sailor like man of some thirty-five years, helped him to put on the altar dress, and went round with the box to collect money for a new church. The service was very quiet, without hymn or sermon, and one lady received the communion



About fifty persons were present, perhaps ten of them of apparently favored position, and the remainder Swiss, English or German servants, who modestly stood or knelt during the entire worship.

At eleven o'clock I went to the village of St. Moritz, about a mile and a half distant, to attend the Swiss Church, but I was told there was to be no service at the usual hour on account of there being a funeral sermon at three in the afternoon. After visiting the neat Catholic Church near by, and finding it crowded and a throng outside, I went into the old churchyard not far off, and on opening the church door and seeing there a fire-engine and a crumbling old baptismal font, with no signs of pulpit, pews or worship in this deserted old shrine, I walked home to our mid-day dinner at the Cur-Haus.

I returned to the village for the funeral, and saw the coffin borne to the grave on the shoulders of four men, followed by the minister, and perhaps forty men walking together, and after them a company of as many women. A few words were read from a liturgy, and the coffin, a plain box, stained black, without ornament or inscription, was lowered into the earth. The procession then went to the

Protestant Church, a plain, substantial building, where the minister, who wore a cloak instead of a gown, read another prayer and preached from a side-pulpit, a sensible sermon, without any especial fire or effort, on "The Rest of the People of God." He is, I understand, supported by a law of the Swiss state, like the old clergy of New England. A neat organ instead of the usual communion table was in the centre of the ample chancel. This service lasted about thirty minutes, and then the audience retired and the service of the English and American Episcopal Church began. The morning service had been held at our hotel, with a large audience and a good sermon, I was told, on the necessity of our obedience to law in order to understand true liberty. The afternoon attendance at the Episcopal service was large, and many walked over from the hotel. The responses were good and the singing was hearty and general. It cheered me to hear the noble old Magnificat so sweetly sung by a goodly company of English and Americans, and it was refreshing to see the pluck of the English in thus standing by their religion, when absent from home and amid the temptations of a watering-place. I like them better the more I see of them ; and as

they have appeared to me, they are a clean, kindly, truthful, home-loving, reliable, reverential people. The sermon that they respectfully listened to was of moderate intellectual pretensions, but sensible, practical, gentle and devout, excellent in its way, to say nothing of its coming within the twenty minutes limit. The subject was the true recognition of God's providence in trouble. These English church services are sustained by a society, of which the Archbishop of Dublin is head, and are established at every leading summer resort on the Continent with decided success. I walked home with a colonel of the British army, who is a fine specimen of a liberal churchman of the Whately school, and he lent me a volume on the Epistle to the Philippians, just from the press, by that noble scholar, Lightfoot, of Cambridge, the author of a similar work of note on Galatians.

Dr. Dorner, of Berlin, advised me of the great Convention of the German Church at Stuttgart to-day, and I am sorry that I cannot be there to tell you of its probably important doings among a great nation with whom religion seems to me to be a living power and interest, whatever is said and written to the contrary.

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE SWISS.



Vevay, September 11, 1869.

In travelling among the people of these rough mountain regions, alike of Switzerland and the Tyrol, I have been often reminded of the backwoodsmen of our state of Maine thirty or forty years ago. There are the same hardihood and frugality, the same tough struggle with the rough elements of nature, and in some respects the same neglect of the ornamental side of life. The Tyrolese, who so abound in ritualism, do not seem to be an ideal or sentimental people; but they appear to look upon the crucifix, Madonna, saints and angels in a very prosaic way, much as the old-fashioned people of Maine used to interpret the Old Testament, and take every figure or poem in its most prosaic and literal sense. They look upon these things as part of their church, and in simple trust follow the faith

of their fathers. The Swiss, on the other hand, show little regard comparatively, for ritual religion, and, in fact, they do not abound in any religious manifestations; but their chief form of indicating their taste is in their love of flowers, which seems to be a general passion with them. They put flowers everywhere, except, perhaps, in their Protestant churches. Railway stations, stores, banks, houses, hotels, abound in these charming gifts; and I have seen them in places least of all congenial with them, such as butchers' shops. This taste very likely comes from the stately, sombre character of their most conspicuous scenery; and they who are oppressed by the grand gloom of snow-clad mountains cannot but be soothed by the gentle loveliness of these little creatures of the garden, whose beauty mates itself so well with that sublimity, and completes that harmony of contrast.

Just now the Swiss are doing their best to make money out of the host of travellers who are swarming on their lakes and mountains; and they earn their money well, and give good roads and carriages, beds and tables, servants and manners, in exchange for English and American gold. Precisely what they are doing to shape the future of their country

it is not easy to say; yet there is generally a look of order and a remarkable prevalence of positive law. Everything goes by rule, and the traveller's name is registered, and the price of his guide and horses, and even the ticket for hearing a famous church organ is fixed by the government of the canton or town. It is evident that the national feeling here is on the increase, and the three days' festival at Geneva, beginning September 20, is to be a great affair—inaugurating a monument in honor of the accession of Geneva to the Swiss union years ago. There seems to be great satisfaction in the constitution of 1848, and acquiescence in its revision January 14, 1866, if we may judge from the excellent "Manual of Government, the Republican Catechism," lately published by authority, and setting forth, in two hundred compact pages, the history and laws of the nation. This catechism insists upon the fact that the Swiss compact begins with the name of God, and is therefore religious, and also establishes a state union under positive law, and not merely a union of states like the German Zollverein.

It is not easy to tell with certainty what the religious tendencies of the Swiss now are, or to deduce

general statements from particular facts, because it is only within a few years that there has been full religious liberty here; and it is not wise to ascribe to positively new convictions, movements that might have taken place long ago, if full scope had been allowed, as since 1848. To one entering Switzerland from the Tyrol and going through the Engadine valleys to Coire, St. Gall, Zurich, Lucerne, Bern, as I have done, it looks as if the Roman Catholic Church was making advances, although there are some facts in the opposite direction, as at Lucerne, where a handsome Protestant Church has lately been erected, although of the 11,673 inhabitants only 683 are numbered as Protestants. At Coire, where the population numbers 7,560, and of these 5,422 Protestants, the old Catholic Cathedral of St. Lucius is still the great sight, and workmen are now busy in putting the hand of the nineteenth century to the adorning of the chancel, which was begun a thousand years ago. A Catholic bishop has taken up his residence at St. Gall, since 1846, and this Manchester of the Swiss, said to be the highest city of Europe, has a cathedral of great size, and the richest decorations of recent date, with all the symbolism of the late Marian revival. At Zurich,

which numbers 20,381 people, only 2,584 are Catholics. The old Catholic Church of St. Augustine, which had been used for three hundred years as a granary, has lately been restored to the old worship, and fitted up with a simplicity and pure taste quite rare in such buildings.

In Bern, where the Protestants rejoice in the grand old cathedral and its huge weekly assembly, and where out of 29,364 inhabitants only 1,547 are numbered as Roman Catholics, a new Roman Catholic Church of solid structure and handsome design has lately been opened ; and, like the restored church at Zurich, it is wholly free from the tawdry decoration so common under that religion. In the picturesque and memorable city of Fribourg, which has a population of 10,507 and only 1,700 Protestants, the old cathedral, which was begun in 1285 and completed in 1500, and lately restored, retains some of the most offensive features of superstition. As we went to hear the charming music of the wonderful organ with its sixty-seven stops and seven thousand eight hundred pipes, we passed by a box asking money to buy masses for souls in purgatory, whose lot was illustrated by a monstrous oil painting of human bodies burning in flaming



fires, and tortured souls begging deliverance.

One does not observe any signs of great heat in theological controversy here, and in the churches, as in the mountains the period of volcanic upheaval seems to have gone by, and the discussions now regard more the working of fixed ideas and institutions than the origin of a new order of things. Zurich is said to be the centre of Swiss culture, and I tried to meet the chief scholar among the theologians, Professor Keim, but he was absent on his vacation. It is worthy of note that this city, which gave to the Reformation the most characteristic Swiss reformer, Zwingli, has taken the lead in the most characteristic and important theological discussion of our time, the controversy upon the life of Jesus Christ; and here Hess began, in 1768, the agitation which Keim continued a hundred years after in his remarkable book, "Jesus of Nazareth," the first volume of which was published in 1868. This is a learned and original work, and while very free and radical in some respects, it is very conservative in others; and it is, perhaps, the first step of the liberal Swiss school in the reconstruction of Christian faith upon an historical basis, in opposition to the speculations of Strauss and the romancings

of Renan, of whom, by the bye, Presenssé, of Paris, says a good thing when he calls him the Doré of theology. Keim's position is, that we do not reasonably explain the power of Jesus by calling him a religious genius; and that we must regard him as sent to manifest God to men and establish the new age or dispensation of union of God with man. At the same time, he makes very free with the Scripture record and its miracles, ascribes the fourth gospel to another than the evangelist John, while, strange to say, he brings its date within the probable lifetime of the evangelist, and thus opposes the general view of radical critics.

Keim's associates, Schweitzer and Biederman, are, I believe, more radical than he, and the former of the two preaches in the pulpit of Zwingli with much power; and covering up I judge, much of Theodore Parker's dashing radicalism under the conventional language and forms of the Swiss Church. I was glad to see in the chancel of Zwingli's old church a massive new stone communion table, which seemed to say that under all the disputes upon the theory, there is a solid basis of communion, and Christ is still to be recognized as with his church while the world lasts. I did not

hear Schweitzer preach, but heard the services at Lucerne instead ; first, at nine o'clock in the morning, the Swiss preacher, who gave a vigorous and scholarly sermon, without notes, on Paul's conversion ; and afterwards, at eleven o'clock, an English Church preacher, who gave in the same off-hand manner an earnest and rather dogmatic sermon on the Atonement. The Swiss congregation was few in numbers and solid in character, and the Episcopal English congregation was crowded and memorable in its tone and apparent culture. The English service was read badly by two of the three ministers ; yet the people made up for the deficiency, and carried the service through, as they generally do, with dignity and power.

There are many indications that a great event is near, and that the general Council at Rome, in December, is to have the attention of all thinking men in Europe. I have collected the most memorable tracts on the subject, and may give you an account of them. Yet you in America are not to be left in ignorance of the matter, for I have seen the first number of a monthly journal devoted to the subject of the Council, and published here, in Regensburg, and also in New York and Cincinnati.

The governments of the Catholic states of Germany are evidently afraid of being interfered with by the Jesuits and their schemes in the Council, and Prince Hohenlohe, of Bavaria, has asked the Swiss government to join Bavaria in her protest, but the Swiss are unwilling to meddle with the matter. One cannot but remember the great fight of Switzerland against the last Council of Trent, three hundred years ago, when Calvin published from Geneva his memorable "Institutes of Religion," that have had such power in both hemispheres.

There is probably more of Calvin's real force in America now than in Europe, and of all the answers to the Pope's invitation, none would have been better than that which the first Presbyterian scholar of America was busy in preparing, when his health gave way and he came to the Swiss mountains for restoration. I refer to Professor Henry B. Smith, of New York, whom I met at St. Moritz, and was rejoiced to find him so much better. He is stout and cheerful, and needs only rest to restore his nervous system. Professors E. A. Park, of Andover, and Philip Schaff, of New York, were to meet him there among the mountains and drink the healing waters, the week after I left. Such learning

as theirs is worthy of the place, for it flows from the mountains of God and is gathered into springs that are for the healing of the nation. I climbed the Piz Languard, and saw from its summit ninety-six mountains, mostly snow clad. I bathed in those cleansing waters and drank daily of the famous Paracelsus Spring, but of these delights none was greater than that of conversing with a profound and gentle Christian scholar, among those majestic heights above the worry and oppression of the world.

## GENEVA AND ROME.



Geneva, September 17, 1869.

The lake that receives the muddy waters of the upper Rhone and sends them in such crystal clearness, through the charming city of Geneva, out towards the sea, is not a bad representative of the Genevan mind that has been nurtured on its banks. Genevan thinkers and writers have been remarkable for their ability to filter all forms of obscure thought and send it clean and flowing to the great sea of opinion. Rousseau, whose statue I now see from the window of my hotel, on the isle in the Rhone that bears his name, was probably the most eloquent writer of the eighteenth century, if indeed equalled by any author of modern times in that respect, and in his pages all the turbid obstructions of the great revolution flow in sparkling transparency, like the stream that now rushes by his

bronze image there below. Madame de Stael had much of the same gift, with less genius and naturalness, and she was the first of modern writers to teach Europe and America that there was living water as well as mud in the brain of Germany. The great authors who have come here to live under the shelter of Swiss independence, and from this retreat, to defy the thought of old Europe, have had much of this same mission. Calvin assailed the priestly empire, and Voltaire defied the whole theology of Europe, with a clearness of style that has made the names of both, watchwords of new and mighty agitations.

The Lake of Geneva is to me enchanted water; and when I first saw it, on Friday, September 10, it seemed to babble to me of all charmed remembrances. After dining that evening at the Hotel Monnet, at Vevay, a fine band on the terrace, that reaches from the hotel towards the lake, played the choicest modern airs, and the music, the moon and the lake were enough to set even my dull fancy into motion. I heard many voices accompanying those airs, and Rousseau, who laid the plot of his "Nouvelle Heloise" there and at Clarens; Byron, who has given Clarens and Chillon such fame in his

verse : Gibbon, who at Lausanne finished his great History, that dirge over the Decline and Fall of Rome—a poet himself as well as an historian ; Madame de Staël, whose “Corinne” is a spirit of life that never ceases to haunt the lake—these memorable voices I heard with that witching music. It did not mar the spell of their genius to hear breaking in upon the strain from afar, now the dashing ring of Voltaire’s satire from Ferney, and now the solemn chant of Calvin’s ghostly Psalm, from the Geneva hills.

I went to St. Martin’s Church, Vevay, on Sunday morning, at half-past nine, to join in the worship of the Swiss congregation. The edifice is of solid stone, with plain but substantial interior, upon a site of surpassing beauty, looking out upon a marvellous panorama of mountains and valleys, villages and lakes. The congregation was large, mostly of plain, solid people, but with far more women in proportion to the men than I had yet seen in Europe on Sunday at church. The women sat in the middle pews by themselves, and the men were scattered about the outskirts. I observed that certain conspicuous seats bore the names of the syndic and other high functionaries, but none of those notables



were in their places. The congregation joined in the singing under the lead of the precentor and the organ. The sermon was carefully written, and was read, instead of being spoken, according to the usage that I had previously thought universal in the Swiss pulpit. It was more of an ethical than an evangelical discourse, and very much in the quiet, didactic tone of the old-fashioned liberal pulpit of America. The manner was vigorous but not warm, and the minister bore himself like other preachers of the Swiss national church that I have heard, with a certain stately official air, as if quite independent of the power of the congregation. He began the service, in fact, with a long and over-secular, official manifesto of public notices and acts, very much like the old New England proclamation of fasts and thanksgivings. After the sermon the communion service began, and the minister offered prayers and read a regular address from the pulpit, while the elders poured out the wine and presided at the table. At last the minister came down from the pulpit, and from the left hand of the table he gave the bread to the communicants, who came up one by one to him, and the elders gave the cup, while the part of the assembly that remained, continued singing

the communion hymn. A considerable portion of the congregation partook of the communion, the men going forward first. It was a very impressive occasion, and this simple service, which is undoubtedly the ancient usage of this memorable Vaud canton, edified and moved me as much as any religious service that I have met with in Europe. This act spoke of the neighborhood, and also of the Church Universal. Neither in this Swiss church at Vevay, nor in the English church service at Lucerne on the previous Sunday, was there any exclusion of any Christian believer, and the Master's table was opened to all who sought His comfort. I did not see at Vevay any human face that I had ever seen before, and there was great comfort in finding there spread the table of our Universal Friend. There is surely more in Christianity than dogma, and a man's soul must be feed, as well as his reason enlightened.

Great things are in preparation at Geneva, for Monday, September 20, and the whole city is to be a jet of fire at night and a whirl of festivity by day, on the occasion of unveiling the monument, that commemorates the union of Geneva with the Swiss cantons by the constitution of 1815. Meanwhile I

will say a few words of the attitude of Geneva and the press towards the recent Roman Catholic reaction in Switzerland and Europe. While Rome beyond doubt is gaining power in this Swiss nation at large, in Geneva at present the old animosity seems to exist, and I have been repeatedly told that Roman Catholics are not admitted into what is called society here. Perhaps the hostility that was brought out lately by Professor Cougnard's eloquent plea for toleration, was moved quite as much by this offer of church fellowship to devout Catholics, as by his claiming the same privilege for Christian people of the more rationalistic type. I can see by the booksellers' shops that the whole public is alive to the present agitation in the Roman Church, although I do not find anywhere in Europe much interest in the old dogmatic discussions. That masterly scholar and theologian, Professor Edwards A. Park, of Andover, Mass., who is now here, told me this morning that he did not find any great concern, where he had been, for controversial divinity. The great questions here are directly practical, and bear upon institutions rather than upon opinions, and people anxiously ask under what rule they are to live, and under

what authority are their children to be educated. I undertook to collect the principal tracts on the Romish Council, in the bookstores between St. Gall, that Catholic centre, and this city of Calvin, but I found the list so increasing in bulk, that I gave up the plan, alike in mercy for my eyes and pocket and for your readers' patience. You will probably be willing to have me describe briefly the chief documents on hand.

The "Einsiedeln Almanach" for 1869, which is published in New York and Cincinnati, as well as in the ancient Swiss Abbey here, has a flaming article for the people on the coming Council, with a woodcut of its peerless glory. The writer ridicules all the late attempts of reformers to call the world together; laughs at the Peace Congress, at which the robber and murderer Garibaldi figured among his crazy peers, and proclaims the approach of the true peace congress that is to settle the most perplexing questions, and chief of all, to establish peace between the church and state throughout Christendom. Precisely how this is to be done, or what definite movements are to be made as to the Pope's infallibility, or his relation to his clergy and councils and to the rulers of the world, the writer does not venture to

predict, but assures the faithful that all will come out right, and the Church, without changing her base on the Rock of Ages, will put forth all the new judgments and plans called for by the age.

I bought at St. Gall the address of some of the laity of the diocese of Coblenz to the Bishop of Trier as to the Universal Council, and the reply of a theologian to the laity. The laymen express great love for the Roman Catholic Church, great reverence for the bishop, but dread very much the rule of the ultramontane doctrines of the Pope's Encyclical Letter and Syllabus, and especially fear that the Council will proclaim the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope and of the assumption of the Virgin Mary into heaven without going through the change of death ; and they urge the bishop to do all in his power to avoid this insult to the mind of the nineteenth century, and to leave the Catholic creed in its ancient purity, without such rash innovations. They exhort him to rebuke the monopolizing spirit of the priesthood, and to try to give the laity their rightful share in the administration of the Church, to resist the disposition to unite the Church and State and set the priesthood above the civil rulers in worldly affairs. They appeal to him

to bring the clergy and people nearer to each other in the universities, and to discourage separate schools for the training of the clergy in elementary and classical studies. They call for new measures of unity between clergy and laity in social and moral reforms, and cry out for the removal of all restrictions on free thought, the abolition of the Index Expurgatorius, and affirm the sufficiency of the Church to set forth the truths of religion in its own creeds and institutions. They modestly excuse their boldness in venturing to write on church matters to the bishop, by stating that certain laymen in France had been writing on the other side in the interest of the Jesuits, and that the laity should have a voice in church councils as they did of old.

A theologian of the stricter Catholic order replies to these Coblenz laymen, and also to the men of Bonn who had made a similar appeal. He adroitly undertakes to disparage their numbers and importance, and while allowing that they represent a certain portion of the scholars and people of Germany, and even certain Catholic governments, he denies that they represent the laity at large. He affirms that many of the best laymen refused to sign their

address, and rebukes them for trying to make parties in the undivided Church, and tells them to wait devoutly and modestly for the action of the bishops, their proper spiritual advisers, before they undertake to say what true doctrine is. He advises them not to start any bugbears out of their own fancy, and bids them acquiesce in what the Council decides. Even if the infallibility of the Pope, as the head teacher of the visible Church, is decreed, it will be all right, and true Catholics can be only of one mind as to essentials. He allows that there is weight in the opinion of the laity, and thinks Dr. Döllinger right, alike in asserting that there is a prophetic element in the conscience of the people, and also in maintaining that the authorities of the Church are to decide of what the true prophetic voice consists, and that the laity think best and work best under their rightful spiritual leaders. This pamphlet, of fifty-five closely printed pages, is very shrewd and guarded, and is written apparently under the advice of the bishop, who saves his dignity by silence and protects his influence by a sagacious agent.

The next tract is more ponderous, and of eighty pages, and is from a Bavarian who calls himself a

decided Catholic and a zealous patriot. It is styled "Catholic or Ultramontane, for Orientation," and has reached at once a second edition. It starts with the idea that Catholic means universal ; declares the world-wide position which the Church is destined to take according to the eternal counsels of God, and hence opens to the Spirit the broadest horizon in the most generous manner ; while ultramontane means from the other side of the mountains, and implies that all Catholics living this side of the Alps must look for salvation in time and eternity only to Rome, and regard the Pope as the only rightful authority on earth in all matters. The author allows that the Pope is, for Catholics, the centre of church unity, and the successor of the apostle who was called by Christ to lead the Church, and to be moderator in all matters of faith and discipline ; but not in such a way as to ignore or denounce the other sources of knowledge and action which concern our secular interest, and enrich and ennoble life. He claims for literature, science, education, government, full liberty to develop themselves without priestly control, and is very severe upon the Jesuit policy, that is trying to crush out the sentiment of German nationality, and sacrifice the new and hope-



ful life of Germany to Italian priestcraft, backed by French intrigue. He accuses the ultramontane wire-pullers of being willing to league even with democratic socialists to overturn German nationalities and thrones, and to do all in their power to subject the northern manhood and loyalty to southern evils and despotism. I suppose that Prince Hohenlohe, the Prime Minister of Bavaria, virtually agrees with this pamphlet, and that it is an important sign of the times. In one respect, it makes a new and striking point by claiming more power for the national and territorial bishops, as alike the champions of faith and the friends of national liberty and law.

The next document is a handsome pamphlet of thirty-five pages, from a Roman Catholic layman to the Pope, "To the Fathers at the Coming Council;" and it professes to be translated from the Latin by the author, and is printed at Leipsic. It is a plea for the old-fashioned Catholic party against the new Jesuits, a hearty rebuke of the passion for making new dogmas or definitions, and for mixing up spiritual interests with the affairs of civil government. The author does not think that the policy of the Council will conciliate Protestants or

unite the divided Church. He makes much account of the error of wishing to set the Pope above the councils of the Church, and ends with these memorable words: "The future rests in the life of freedom—the freedom which Christ gave to the world, and which to the Church itself is healing. This freedom proclaim holy father, and honored fathers of the Council. Forget ambition, moreover; preach love; sing of the mercy of God to eternity, and you will lead the world to the immortal, invisible, only God, to honor and glory forever Amen." Something of Fenelon is here. The famous Pierre Leroux is just out with a powerful, telling but audacious brochure of one hundred pages, from the Lausanne press, reviewing the history of church councils, and tracing the origin of all priestly power from the primitive democratic Christianity, and declaring that the great consummation is at hand; that humanity, combined and consolidated, is the true empire and church at once, and that man is both Pope and Emperor. "See what, according to us, we have become—the Pope and the Emperor." So ends Pierre Leroux, the philosopher.

I will not notice a startling pamphlet of one hundred and ten pages, published at Paris, Geneva

and Genoa, addressed to the Council of 1869, and reviewing the Christian dogma with the motto, "Plus de fantômes!" It is itself an atheist's ghastly dream, and owns no God but man, and no religion but morality, as man can make it out of himself. I will not handle such unwholesome wares.

I have given you a running account of the most obvious recent publications on the coming Council. Meanwhile Geneva is preparing to celebrate on Monday the festival of her union with the other cantons of Switzerland, and all houses, banks, stores, halls and churches are unfurling the standard of the white Cross of the Union. It is to be a great time, and history speaks with many voices of the old times to the new. Across the lake at Lausanne the radical reformers of Europe are now in council, and Victor Hugo presides, and calls Europe to be one empire of the people, and to abolish all frontiers, armies, imposts, taxes, thrones and clergy, and inaugurate universal liberty and intercourse. Rome looks on and significantly smiles.

On my way from the chateau of Voltaire, yesterday, to the tomb of Calvin, I passed the Catholic Church that bore aloft the white Cross of the Swiss Union, and met a very intelligent and good-

looking priest making his way through the crowd. He walked on with a calm and almost royal step, that seemed to say: "Geneva belonged to Rome before Calvin was heard of, and to Rome it shall return." We shall see. I am only a looker-on here, and tell you what appears.

## THE SWISS JUBILEE.



Geneva, September 20, 1869.

It is hard to believe that we are in the city of John Calvin to-day, for there is more of festivity here than I have ever seen elsewhere. The whole place is in full gala dress, and on all sides there are arches of triumph, festoons of evergreens and flowers, mottoes, flags, pennons and artistic symbols, while all the public buildings are prepared with elaborate gas fixtures for the great illumination of the 21st. The Americans who are now here have been asked to join in the celebration, and have had the post of honor tendered to them, at the head of the procession. They had a meeting at our excellent Consul's house on Saturday evening, and Mr. Butler, the secretary, has given the following statement of the proceedings:

"HÔTEL L'ECU DE GENÈVE,

GENEVA, September 19, 1869.

"REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D. D., of New York :

"Dear Sir: At a meeting of Americans held last evening at the United States Consulate in this city, where our country was represented by many citizens of various states, Hon. Reuben E. Fenton, of New York, was chosen chairman, a committee of nine named as follows: James Gallatin, (President of Academy), J. L. Butler, Missouri; N. P. Campbell, Maryland; George Walker, Massachusetts; D. J. Oliver, California; Jeremiah Baker, New Jersey; Lyman Tremaine, New York; H. P. Borie, of Pennsylvania;—Jillett, of Illinois—to make all necessary arrangements to take part in the fete of our sister republic on the 20th and 21st instant. The two first-named were afterwards appointed a sub-committee to confer personally with the President, on the part of the Swiss authorities, as to position in the ranks etc. This sub-committee was to meet at this hotel at one o'clock to-day, indeed will do so, but the writer luckily went to the headquarters last evening after the adjournment of our meeting, and saw President Friderichs, stated the fact of our meeting, and a desire that the Americans should be well placed. He took a pen and wrote an order assigning us position No I at the head of the list, in fact the point of honor."

"T. L. BUTLER, Secretary."

Even Sunday did not make the Genevans wholly strict; and, although the day was the national fast, the preparations for the festival were in full progress in the morning; and I went to John Calvin's famous Church of St. Peter yesterday, along sidewalks full of men and women busy arranging flowers and greens for the jubilee. The church was well at-

tended, but I could not see or hear well on account of some repairs that required partitions in the building, and after the first hymn and prayer I left, and went to the Russian Church, where there were not even seats to interrupt the sight and movement, and the remarkable Greek ritual was seen and heard by me for the first time. The contrast was certainly very great in all respects, for while Genevan Protestantism has always made much of preaching and of the hearer's personal experience under its appeal, and made little of the priesthood, the altar and the sacraments, and the objective side of religion, the Greek worship is almost wholly ritual and objective. The priest and the altar are magnificent, a part of the service is performed out of sight of the congregation and within the veil of the temple, and the people stand or kneel to receive, in silence, the benediction of the shrine. The priest was a rather young man, with a mild and devout face, in strange contrast with the splendor of the dress of blue and gold and jewels. The responses were sung by a small choir of trained men, at the side of the altar, and at the close, a gold cross was presented, by the priest, to the faithful to be kissed. Children join in the worship most heartily, and I observed the entire devotion

of some darling little girls and boys, who stood and knelt near me. One little Russian fellow of nine or ten years, in crimson silk tunic, loose purple trousers and high leather boots, was the picture of oriental devotion, and bowed, and knelt, and crossed himself like a small Chrysostom. I observed that the priest, with a benign smile, gave to one little girl, who came with her mother to kiss the cross, a roll of bread or cake, of cylinder shape, which had probably a religious meaning, without being the bread of the communion. I saw on the desk an enamelled picture, apparently of the Virgin Mary, richly set with pearls and with crystals that may have been diamonds. I could not follow the words of the service, but felt its peculiarly pathetic, plaintive, confiding tone, and was much impressed by the earnestness and solemnity of the congregation. It was like the Roman Catholic service in the emphasis given to the idea of the incarnation and communion, but very unlike it in the whole air and spirit of the priest and the manner of the people. With all the grandeur of the veiled shrine and imperial blue and gold, the priest seemed to be the brother of the people, and there was more of Greek fellowship than of Roman empire in the whole tone



of the occasion. The singing was excellent, but peculiar, wonderfully sweet and pleading and quite remarkable as the music of men's voices.

I will try to state the main points of Swiss history from the best authority, as to the precise bearing of the festival of to-day and to-morrow. It is maintained here that the people of the three original cantons, Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, came down from the north in the time of the great migration, and lived in freedom under the protection of the German empire, rendering the emperor valiant service in war. They afterwards, in the year 1291, on the death of the Emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg, confirmed their previous alliance by a league or "Bund," of which the original record remains at Schwytz and Stanz. This league lasted until the Emperor Albrecht tried to subdue these cantons to his will, and then the three heroes, Stauffacher of Schwytz, Walter Fürst of Uri, and Arnold von Melchthal of Unterwalden, each brought ten men on Martin's day to Rütli, in 1307, and these thirty-three men ratified a new league by an oath. The great league, however, which is called the "everlasting Bund of the sworn confederates," was formed in 1315, after a great victory over the

Austrians at Morgarten. It called God to witness that covenant of liberty and law, which was drawn up in twelve articles. This lasted until 1370, whilst in the year 1332 Lucerne joined the league; in 1351, Zurich; in 1352, Zug and Glarus; in 1353, Bern.

Thus arose the league of the eight old cantons, and in 1370 the leaguers took a bold stand against the exactions of the clergy, especially not acquiescing in the authority of foreign clergy who were not under the laws of the Bund. In 1393 the articles of war administration, called the Sempach Brief, were fixed upon, and the league became a military union. In 1481 Freiburg and Solothurn came into the league, and the Convention of Stanz was held, and in 1501 Basel and Schaffhausen, and in 1513 Appenzell came in, so that the Bund of the thirteen old cantons was thus complete. The cantons had certain allies or associates, as follows:

- 1 The Abbot of St. Gall, with his lands and domains.
- 2 The city of St. Gall.
- 3 Graubünden.
- 4 Wallis.
- 5 The city of Mühlhausen in Alsace.

6 The city of Biel.

7 The city and county of Valangin.

8 The city of Geneva.

However, there were certain lands held as subject to the cantons, as follows: To the twelve first cantons, belonged Lugano, Locarno, Mendrisio, Mayenthal. To the cantons Uri, Schwytz and Unterwalden belonged Bellenz, Pallanza and Riviera. To the eight old places belonged Thurgau, the free Aemter, the county of Sargans, the Rheinthal. To Zurich, Bern and Glarus belonged Uznach and Gaster.

There were all kinds of usage and prerogative in the several cantons, and the league that lasted from the Convention of Stanz in 1481 till 1798 owed much of its stability to its leaving so much to the separate cantons and aiming so little at central rule. In 1798 the great revolution struck Switzerland, and French influence set up the One and Indivisible Republic of Helvetia, with eighteen cantons under a Grand Council, a Senate and a directory of five associates, with six ministers of departments. This lasted till 1803, when Napoleon gave Switzerland a new Constitution of thirty-nine articles and divided the lands into nineteen cantons. There were good

points in this new order of things, and it lasted thirteen years, until the fall of Napoleon and the formation of the treaty of 1815, when the nineteen previous cantons remained and Wallis, Neuenburg and Geneva entered the union. The Constitution, with its eighteen articles, partook too much of the spirit of that day of retrogression, and restored some of the old local abuses and abandoned too much of the ground gained by the new liberty of the eighteenth century. The people were uneasy, and tried in vain in the agitations of 1830 to regain their rights. But in 1847 they succeeded in getting the better of the reactionists, and on May 15, 1848, the Convention at Bern decided upon the new league, and on September 12, 1848, fifteen and a half cantons, with a population of, 1,897,887 souls, voted for the new Constitution, which is in force by the express will of the people, and secured to the nation unity, freedom and power. The Constitution was revised May 14, 1866, and nine modified articles were offered for the acceptance or rejection of the people. It establishes equal civil rights, liberty of worship and of the press, general suffrage and a national government of two chambers, one of more popular character based on direct vote, and

securing one representative to every ten thousand souls; the other more restricted, and granting two members to each canton. The executive consists of a council of seven, chosen for three years, with a president and vice-president chosen annually by themselves from their own number.

Such is the Swiss Constitution, and it is surely free enough for Americans to honor, and I propose to-day to be one of the goodly number of our countrymen who are to march through Geneva at the head of the invited nations, and to carry our sacred Stars and Stripes next to the White Cross of the Swiss republic.

## SWITZERLAND.



Milan, October 2, 1869.

I was not prepared for the great contrast between the scenery and ways of Geneva and those of the mountain regions beyond. You pass in a few hours from lake and plains and easy hill-sides to the realm of torrents, ravines and gigantic heights, while you are on every side reminded by the frequent crosses, shrines and chapels, that the change in the spiritual prospect is quite as marked, as you go from the seat of Swiss Protestantism to the almost undisputed ground of Roman Catholic faith.

It is not as easy to understand the present state of opinion in Geneva as to note its charming scenery, where so much quiet beauty fascinates you, the more by its contrast with the distant majesty of Mont Blanc. Some persons told me that what is called liberal religion is gaining ground over Protes-

tant orthodoxy, and others declared the reverse. while it seemed to be allowed by all, that Catholicism is making rapid strides in the city of Calvin. My own impression is that the more refined and wealthy classes have been accepting the easy rationalism of the new Liberal Christian school, while the middling classes abide more by the old orthodoxy, and not a few of the new rich, with large numbers of their less favored neighbors, have bolted from the compromises of the national Church into Methodism. There is evident learning and talent in the Geneva pulpit, but no leading thinker. Coulin is certainly an able champion of orthodoxy, but not a leader of European thought; and Cougnard a fervent and gifted liberal, more of the Rousseau than of the Channing and Ware school. The Swiss liberals generally seem to have given up their old leaders, and fallen into the new sentimental rationalism; and Rousseau is at present more of a living presence at Geneva than old Sabellius, or Arius, Servetus or Socinus. Cougnard rests his faith upon the pure life and spiritual wisdom of the carpenter of Nazareth, and says little or nothing of the Divine Messiah and the Incarnate Word. The Geneva scholars are more the translators than the

authors of the best thought, and their new quarterly review is the clearest report of the mind of Europe.

In architecture the Genevan Protestants have won no honors, and their most conspicuous work of art has been in the spoiling of the old Romanesque Church of St. Peter by the addition of a Corinthian portico! They tend more to secular enterprise than to church zeal, and when they spare time and money for public buildings it is mainly for halls of science and art, and schools and academies for education. Their leading men of late have been naturalists, and they have added honored names to the study of nature. It is clear that their taste is in keeping with their dominant thought, and their rich men are ambitious to have a fine villa within sight of Mont Blanc, and to be able to read the science of the stones, of the mountains, of the flowers of the field and garden, and of the stars above.

Some one with ample means has bought Voltaire's old chateau at Ferney, and is transforming the grounds into a little paradise, which opens upon a wonderful view of Mont Blanc. How could Voltaire live there, before that prospect, and have no more love for nature, no more gentle humanity and devotion? He heartily hated priestcraft, but did



not heartily love God or man. His name ranks among the destroyers, not the constructors of history. Perhaps he had some gleams of faith when he built that little stone church, and dedicated it in his own name to God ; or perhaps he meant to satirise the habit of the reigning superstition which makes so many names of saints more prominent than God's name upon churches and chapels. The edifice stands and the inscription remains ; but fodder for cattle now fills the walls that were built nominally to provide food for souls. Voltaire's church, in short, is now a barn. It was good to find in his room his old furniture, and pictures, and engravings. It quite revived the age of our own great liberal leaders, to see there on his walls the contemporary engraved portraits of Franklin and Washington.

One of the Rothschilds has his magnificent place not far from Ferney, in sight of the lake and Mont Blanc. This chateau, and that of the King of Prussia, at Babelsberg, are the finest that I have yet seen in Europe ; the banker's is more costly and imperial than the King's, without, however, the least dash of vulgar extravagance in its splendor. It was not open to visitors, because the family was

there. But I was assured that the interior is in keeping with the charming grounds; and a lady who was a frequent guest told me that crowned heads were sometimes at the table, and the banquet was as stately as the company, the different courses were served by different bands of servants, each band with its own dress.

I received a different impression of another branch of the Rothschild family from travelling a while with them in Switzerland, and having considerable conversation with the ladies. They were accomplished, elegant and unpretending, with no outward mark of station but attendant servants. I was not a little surprised and instructed to find that the courtly mother was at once so zealous a daughter of Israel, as to change her plans of journeying in order to keep some of the great days of the synagogue, though she was at the same time so much of a liberal as to delight greatly in the writings of Theodore Parker. I ate bread and honey with them on the loveliest of Swiss lakes, and shall think myself favored if I generally find equal grace and intelligence out of Israel.

In Savoy on the way to Chamounix and Mont Blanc, and in the Swiss Canton of Wallis, or The

Valais, as it is called, you find yourself in a new region of nature and society ; and while the mountains overtop the heights of the Tyrol, the Roman Catholic devotion of the people almost equals that of the Tyrolese. In Savoy there are massive crosses of stone by the way-side to Chamounix, and in The Valais the same zeal is everywhere shown with less ample means, as when some plain pieces of wood are rudely put together by the roadside, to stand for the dying love of Him whose saving power, gold and gems fail fully to express. In both regions it is remarkable to see what judgment has been shown in choosing the most sightly places for the Catholic churches and chapels. At Chamounix the church is in the very spot that best commands Mont Blanc and its surroundings ; and, as you come from the door, you see at a glance the majesty of that marvellous throne of God, far up towards the heavens. The same is true of the Zermatt Valley, which is studded with churches and chapels, in the most charming and often the most surprising situations.

At St. Nicolas, on the way to Zermatt, where we stopped to rest, I met a Capuchin friar, whom I ventured to hail in Latin, with the usual church

blessing, "Peace be with you ;" and from him I received in the same tongue, the ancient reply, "And with thy spirit." He asked me to go and see the church, and offered the choice of Latin, French, German and Italian, for our conversation, but said that he did not speak English. He was a genial, intelligent old man, and talked pleasantly upon various subjects ; upon the Roman Catholic Council among other things, and asked me if I should attend it. He advised me as to visiting Italy, and apologized for leaving me by saying that he had to walk eleven hours on some business of his profession. He offered me a pinch of snuff as we parted, and I took it from the kindly father, for the sake of the good fellowship, not from any love of the article itself.

The church was well worth seeing, for it was a stately building, with some very good pictures, and with one artistic device that I had never before seen. Over one of the side altars was a carving of the head and bust of God the Father, with the Son in his bosom as a part of his own being ; a device that reminded me, perhaps by contrast, of the Chapel of the Wallenstein Palace at Prague, in Bohemia, where the picture over the altar was the

benign and majestic face of the Father in heaven. The great sight, however, was not inside, but from the portico, where the prospect of the valley and mountains was magnificent. How great the contrast as I turned to a little chapel on the right, and saw heaps of skulls and bones on each side of the altar, above which a picture of souls in the fires of Purgatory, looking up to the dead Christ and to the Virgin Mary and the Communion wafer for deliverance; while on the right hand wall there was a frightful daub of the day of judgment and the souls and bodies of the damned, and a great company of monstrous devils tormenting them.

One cannot but admire the zeal that has planted religion in this retired valley, and lifted up the cross on dizzy heights which the traveller's foot had not then climbed. The region is a wearying one, as its name denotes; for Zermatt I suppose, means the weary valley or cleft, and Matterhorn means the weary horn or the peak that tires the climber. There seems to be no outlet to it but the inlet; and so it is like a boot, which the foot must go out of by the same way that it entered in; a fact in some respects trying to the traveller, who is obliged to return six or eight hours upon his own steps. The

people, however, seemed ready for Catholic missions; and the canton of Valais, in 1860, numbered 90,169 Catholics to 697 Protestants; a proportion of the former to the latter, greater than in any other canton than Tessin, where the Italian tongue and temperament prevail, and 131,241 Catholics were numbered in 1860, and only 113 Protestants.

Where the people are so much under the influence of the priests as in the Valais, we may judge somewhat of the nature of that influence; and my travelling companions, Professor E. A. Park and Rev. Mr. Furber, as well as myself, were surprised at the absence of the decencies of civilization among the people of Zermatt. They are the dirtiest tribe that I ever encountered. My friends pronounced the smell at the early morning service intolerable; and I, who was in the church after the service, could not abide the fearful odor that remained, although the open front door gave a partial ventilation. The houses even where the family has considerable property, are close and dark and fetid, not fit for cattle. I started out on Sunday towards evening to find a waterfall that I heard roaring near by among the hills, and passed some miserable dwellings that I had supposed to be barns. An al-

most naked boy stood in the door of one of them on the hillside, and appeared in bold relief against the darkness within. There was no window on that side, and none of any fair size anywhere in the house. Yet a number of fine cows were tethered and feeding on the grass near by, and a stout young fellow sat on the bank holding the hand of a girl bigger than himself, and seemed to be telling the old, old story that is said to be told in the leisure and quiet of Sunday evening. As I walked on, some grand mountains came into view, such as the Breithorn and the little Matterhorn; and I found my waterfall to be a dashing torrent pouring down from a mountain glacier.

We had a talk with the priest afterwards, and found him kindly and intelligent. He had been there four years, with a parish of five hundred souls, and a vicar, a mild and pleasing young man, to assist him. He seemed to think the place improving, and said that there were now but four cases of goitre in his flock; a fact that seemed to us remarkable, since we had been surprised at the number of these fearful swellings, and probably had seen the same unhappy victims several times that day. We talked with him in the churchyard, near the

graves of five strangers, four of whom had been killed by falling on the mountains. The newest grave held the last victim, an Englishman of sixty-nine years, who fell a few weeks ago on Lyskamm Mountain. He remarked that the friends of the Russian who was buried there gave the church five thousand francs for the grave, while the friends of the three Englishmen who were buried by his side, and one of them an Earl's eldest son, sent but five hundred francs and left the church in debt for the actual expenses. He informed us that the highest Catholic official in Switzerland is the Pope's Nuncio at Lucerne.



## A NOVICE IN ITALY.



Florence, October 19, 1869.

Here I am, in this famous seat of the beautiful arts, in the midst of a pelting rain, which puts a stop to all sight seeing, makes the Arno a muddy torrent instead of a stagnant pool, and drives all travellers to seek any tolerable shelter. This does not look like Florence or Italy, nor have I seen much of the Italy of my dreams outside of nature and art. One knows, of course, that it must rain here, but I never supposed that a rain in Florence could be so utterly dismal, and that a first class hotel could have so little comfort. One knows that the Italians are not always picturesque, and that they have sharp angles and vulgar necessities like other people of a more mechanical turn; but I never imagined that they had such dirty ways and did such strange things that could be seen of men. I do not find even the

poetical, dreamy indolence that I expected, for they are as busy and careworn as other people, and when they are not at work they are very noisy, and what they call pleasure is a very screeching genius, and sounds more like the crow than the lark.

My surprise began at Milan, heightened at Venice, and is higher still at Florence. At Milan the people seemed much less festive than the Germans at Berlin, Dresden or Munich, and there was more going on even in severe Geneva. A few small theatres were open, I heard, but the great La Scala was closed, and there was no cheering music to refresh a traveller's lonely evenings. It was not, indeed, the season of society, and the fashionable people were at their country places or at the springs, but they are not the whole people, and do not, in Paris, and London, and Berlin, give to the streets and stores their stir. Nor did I find in the churches many of the Italian characteristics for which I had looked. The edifices at Milan, Venice and Florence are many and beautiful, as we all know, but I saw few marks of popular interest or peculiar enthusiasm in the congregations. The high mass at the Duomo in Milan drew no such crowds as throng to the churches and cathedrals of Ireland and South Germany ; and

at many other churches, that I visited the attendance was small. We must, indeed, remember that the churches here are almost always open, and the attendance is not to be estimated by one or two services; yet, with allowance for this fact, I was surprised at the want of religious interest in Milan, and still more in Venice, where I attended the principal Sunday morning service in the renowned old Church of St. Mark's, and found the congregation not more than from one hundred and fifty to two hundred souls. I afterwards went to the Russian Greek Church, and found a devout little assembly gathered in a handsome old building and ministered to by a good-looking old priest with a most apostolic beard and most unapostolic service. The Greek form of worship has much beauty, and even majesty, but is wholly formal, as I have thus far seen it; and there is no living personal word from the minister to the people. When I looked for something of the burning speech of Chrysostom, and was ready to rejoice at the union of Greek wisdom with Hebrew faith, I found a new form of the old temple ritual, and not a sentence of living original thought and hardly any response from the people. There is instead a peculiar pathos, a remarkable tenderness in

the tone and manner of the Greek clergy, and this priest blessed the people with great affection, and gave them blessed bread, which they received with kissing the hand that gave it. This was not the regular act of communion, but a separate act, I learned.

There seems to be much Christian benevolence both at Milan and Venice. At Venice I saw a vigorous institution for the rescue of fallen women, and at Milan I visited two most interesting and remarkable hospitals—the Maggiore, which contained two thousand three hundred patients, and had within its walls a virtual township of four thousand persons connected with its service; and the Bene Fratelli, which is wholly under the charge of a priestly order, and has a large number of patients in its wards. In both institutions the management seemed admirable, and while the great municipal hospital was a model of executive enterprise, these brothers of the Church were not backward in any respect, and seemed to make the sufferers most peaceful and comfortable. I never saw better taste in inscriptions than in the mottoes from the Bible over the beds. They were as edifying as they were exceptional in Italy, where the New Testament is

secondary in religion, and the Virgin Mary and the new saints have more attention than the words of Christ and the Apostles. Opposite our hotel here in Florence these same brothers have an institution that I shall try to visit.

At Venice I visited the Armenian Convent on the island in the harbor, and found more there than I expected. It is a powerful missionary and publishing concern, in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church, and is evidently made to bear upon the Oriental churches and to strengthen Rome against Russia. It was somewhat surprising to me to see the hand of kings at work with these monks, and the convent press printing Louis Napoleon's "Life of Cæsar," and also an illustrated history of the royal family of Austria in the Armenian language. Somebody must pay the bills who does not read the books, and it is not difficult to guess where the money comes from.

I do not find the people as devoted to the Catholic religion as I expected, and the thoughtful men with whom I converse assure me that the palmy day of the Catholic Church among the Italians has gone by. I am told again and again that the priests are not respected, and their sincerity and

purity are severely questioned. Where they are feared they are disliked, and there is evidently great alienation between the leading nominally Catholic men of Italy and the clergy. The case is wholly otherwise in America, and also in Ireland, I judge. My disposition is to defend and honor the religious profession everywhere, but I confess to being staggered by the aspect of things in Italy. Many of the priests have good faces and gentle manners, and I am grateful for their personal courtesy, but there is a great deal in the looks of many of them that is as far as possible from spirituality. One of the most accomplished and sagacious of our American ladies, who had been through northern Italy and looked pretty keenly about her, told me that she was astonished by the bad expression of the priests, and saw few good faces among them. We must remember, however, that a certain piety and sincerity may exist without any great intellectual life, and many a stout and jolly-looking friar may tell his beads and take his mass without cudgelling his brains with any vexatious theological problems. I do not believe all that I am told against the priests of Italy, yet I must say that the Roman Catholic Church has not gained in

my respect as I draw near its central throne. I understand that most of the Catholics of Italy cannot read or write—a fact that does not reflect much honor upon their spiritual guides.

I do not hear of the priests taking any marked interest in the new educational movement that is now so strong in Italy. A great Educational Congress was held at Turin, September 2, and continued over a week in session, and then adjourned to Venice in 1871. I see the names of leading Catholic clergy among the directors and speakers. A distinguished count presided, and a prince and a duchess distributed the prizes at the close. The museums and galleries of the city were open to the members, and an elegant palace was offered for the discussions. All classes attended. An excellent apparatus was used to illustrate the topics discussed, and a remarkable exposition of articles of school ingenuity and skill was given. The handiwork of the female teachers and scholars was most interesting and rich. The subject of obligatory attendance in primary schools was discussed, and it was voted to be right and proper to make parents send children to school. The claims of gymnastics and music were considered, and favored. The importance of family education

was insisted upon. The need of good popular libraries was set forth, and the peril of the too common licentious literature was exposed. There seems to have been great heart at this convention, and great co-operation between managers and people. The specimens of composition, design, etc., that were presented were so many and so excellent that the committee voted to continue their examination until December before making their report.

I hear of the same interest in Florence, and am told that there has been a remarkable exhibition of the work of scholars in the industrial schools here; in fact I am impressed everywhere with the signs of industry among the Italian men and women, and their readiness to work much for little money. I went about at Venice among the workshops and markets repeatedly, and found people busy by candle-light long after dark; shoemakers, wheelwrights, coppersmiths, sailmakers, all hard at work, while the music was playing in St. Mark's Place, and the snow was making of the old city of the sea a picture and a poem.

Then such frugality—such fare as polenta or coarse pudding of corn—such content with plain vegetables, as a ball of cooked spinach or a few heads



of artichoke, and a pumpkin pie without any crust, but made merely by baking the half of a pumpkin in its own skin—such varieties of cooked fish, sold in small portions to be eaten on the spot—all these things gave me a new idea of how simply a people can live, and how much satisfaction can be had for a little money.

I saw indeed little of the picturesque for which I had looked ; and instead of the national costume on the market days, that the guide-books promise, I saw only varieties of bad hats and clothes that belong to no one nation, while I own that some of the smells were quite original, and such as I never encountered before and do not wish to meet again.

In rambling with an English friend through the stores and alleys within and around St. Mark's Place, in Venice, on Saturday evening, it was interesting to observe the strange medley of persons present. Beggars and peddlers of small wares equally importunate for the contents of your pocket; people of all grades and styles of dress, from the priest to the soldier ; women of every class, from the poor fishwoman to the dashing lady. One tall, stout priest was pointed out to me as a noted patriot who loved Italy more than he loved the Pope, and

who had been in prison in former years for his liberalism. I was introduced to an other priest, who was old and venerable, and a distinguished representative of the Armenian branch of the Roman Catholic Church. He blessed our beards in oriental fashion, and said that he should say mass according to the Greek rites in St. Mark's, at twelve on Sunday, and would be glad to see us in the sacristy afterwards. He was very chatty and easy, and quite a new type of the priestly character in his union of street gossip with ecclesiastical prestige. We met him the next day in St. Mark's, before the hour of the service, and how the old man was transformed! He had on the high Greek cap, and his face was lighted up and his step was stately, so that I hardly recognized my street acquaintance of the night before.

Florence has more wealth and power than Venice, yet there is an air of frugality and modesty about the people. I was surprised at the marvellous cost and labor bestowed upon the road from Venice hither, and it seems to me a more difficult piece of railway work than I have ever before seen, with its score of long tunnels and its frequent excavations and embankments. As we came from Bologna,

through the Apennine passes, the bed of the river Reno and the valleys and hills were full of laborers, hard at work in completing or protecting the road. They were, I am told, mostly from Piedmont, and had the look of a host of Irish emigrants, such as abound among all the great works of our American enterprise.

Art at Venice and Florence amazes me. In spite of all description, it is beyond my anticipation. At Venice Titian's picture of the Assumption seemed to me in color and drawing the most powerful work of the pencil that I had ever seen ; and while Florence has pictures of the Madonna with more sweetness and spirituality, there is no work in the three great galleries here that equals, in my eyes, Titian's masterpiece in richness and strength. I will not venture to give my poor criticism on Florentine art, or say how a susceptible pilgrim feels when standing for the first time in the Tribuna, where the genius of painting and sculpture holds its high court, and the fellowship of hosts of devotees is appointed with that ministry of beauty that is drawn from so many ages of inspiration ; or how art and devotion hold for him their high communion in Santa Croce, where Dante's

majestic and loving genius stirs your imagination and joins in your prayer. I will only say that one privilege was a surprise to me, and as I am told has been only lately open to visitors. I refer to the Convent of St. Mark's, the wonderful frescoes of Fra Angelico on the walls of the halls and cells. I always loved his genius, and these works, that seem to restore the man himself, impress you with the power of his genius as well as the sweetness of his spirit. As to Raphael, it is not for me to treat of him, and I will only say that there is comfort as well as inspiration in his Madonnas, and a homesick traveller who yearns for the loved faces of his social circle, finds himself at once at home as soon as his eye rests in the Uffizi and the Pitti Palace, on those charmed heads of the Mother and Child that he has known and loved from his earliest years.

Many Americans are here, and it was quite refreshing to meet most of them at the American Church on Sunday, and join in worship which gives the gospel its due place, and unites the voices of the people and the minister in praise and prayer.

## NAPLES AND POMPEII.



Rome, November 5, 1869.

Before breakfast this morning, I walked upon the Pincian Hill, and saw old Rome in its morning glory. It is now late in the autumn, yet there is little in the aspect of nature to show that summer has gone. The birds were singing in the trees, and flying in great flocks from grove to grove; the roses and fuschias were in full bloom, and the palm trees hung with clusters of dates, as yet without any sign of ripeness; the whole prospect was a summer landscape, and only the ivy on a stately tree held out the red signal of warning of the coming winter. The air, indeed, was a little chilly, yet the brisk walk soon brought a glow to the blood, and sent the walker with a smart appetite, to his breakfast. There was the Eternal City in one view, from the Vatican on the west to the Porta Maggiore on the east, from

the Pincian Hill on the north to the Aventine on the south. I heard its two great tongues speak out their morning salute to the royal and priestly majesty of its Prince. The military band near by sounded their trumpets in homage to their king, and the bells of the churches rang out their devotion to heaven in the name of their pontiff supreme. So Rome appeared to me this morning, on my return from a few days' visit to Naples, and I am moved to sketch my experience there, not unmindful of the fact that although the two cities are wide apart politically, Rome is, in a great degree, accountable for the moral degradation of that greater city of the south, whose transcendent beauty, and perhaps unequalled corruption, are the theme of history and the talk of the wayfarer.

We reached Naples by rail after dark, and found a strange hubbub at the station. It seemed as if the whole city had been expecting us, and scores of eager runners insisted upon carrying us off with them. I found the omnibus of the United States Hotel, and held my valise firmly in my hand, but my companions, Senator F—— and his daughter, fell among thieves and showed good generalship in getting out of their hands into the right quarters,

instead of being abducted to a strange hotel. Every man that touched you or anything of yours wanted money, and no matter what you gave him he asked for more. I employed nobody and gave nothing, and reached the hotel sound in purse and limb.

The first day was given to Pompeii, and a most charming day it was to ride along the shore for some ten or twelve miles to the buried city, through streets full of the strangest sights and people, where all sorts of things were offered for sale, and all the kingdoms of nature seemed jumbled together with a bedlam of voices, and not altogether a paradise of smells. Pompeii was not what I expected, yet it did not disappoint me. In its separate features it was perhaps less startling than I anticipated, but as a whole it was more suggestive and memorable. There was the whole neighborhood disinterred and set before your eyes. The kitchens and wine-cellars, the halls and courtyards, the workshops and stores, the tombs and temples, were all there. There were the ruts of the carriages worn into the stones of the streets; and there were the ovens that were filled with loaves of bread when the great destruction came—loaves that are now to be seen, all charred, but in their perfect form. The religion of the people

was brought near to me as never before, and those temples seemed not wholly unlike the various and sometimes rival churches of a Christian city. The temple of Jupiter stood opposite to the Pantheon, and showed a certain aspiration in those accomplished Pagans to unite the idea of the Supreme Power with a comprehensive recognition of the divine elements in all forms of religion. The stately temple of Isis illustrated the disposition, so marked in every age, to hold communication with the spiritual world; and the mysteries of Egypt were undoubtedly a great delight to those who were weary of the old ceremonials, and sought direct and startling communion with spirit-messengers. Some aspects of the buried city I could not understand, as, for instance, why a splendid palace like the house of Diomedes should be built a few steps from a grave-yard, and why a brothel should be allowed to hold up its obscene face in front of the beautiful house of the Vestal Virgins.

The three theatres, the tragic, the comic and the great amphitheatre for fights, gladiators and beasts, gave a stirring idea of the amusements of the city; and proved that, then as now, those children of the South made pleasure a part of their daily bread.



While the temples could hold comparatively few, their theatres were roomy enough apparently to contain the whole population, and probably were attractive enough to call in thousands of visitors to the great performances from the whole neighborhood.

The excavations were still going on, and scores of men and boys were carrying the earth from some buried houses in baskets on their shoulders, to what seemed to be the bed of a new railway. It was a slow process, and an American asks, Why not use wheelbarrows, and do four times the work with the same force? But this is the Italian way, and Italy is slow, except in its tongue of deceit and its paths of pleasure.

We had a touch of the old romance as we took our lunch in the carriage near the Pompeii gate. An Italian minstrel sang with the help of his guitar, and gave us some beautiful airs, both old and new, with a voice of great sweetness and expression. He sang a song of old Pompeii, and then a patriotic ode to Garibaldi, taking off his hat whenever he came to that hero's name. All the while two little Italian boys were earnestly watching our repast, and a little black dog was eyeing us most intently,

and mildly suggesting, and not in vain, that he would like a spare chicken bone or two. We tried to remember everybody; and the soldier who was our guide through the ruins, as he tasted with us the *Lachrymæ Christi* that our landlord had put into the hamper, touched his hat and modestly wished us very good health. There was something of the old classic times in the scene, and our minstrel would have been welcomed in that old house of Sallust, as by us, although some of his strains, such as the serenade from the "*Trovatore*," probably indicate more gentleness now in the human heart, and show that the tears and passion of Christ have opened new depths of pathos in life and all its beautiful arts. He had something of Horace's sweetness and a little of Virgil's martial fire, and represented old Italy far better by his song than the coarse crowd in the streets represented it by their lives and looks.

The ride to and from Pompeii showed us something of Naples' ways, especially its strange passion for sensations. Beggars thrust before us horrible sores to win pity and pence, and we saw an odd dramatic show in the main street that was startling. Three men stood upon a bench in half theatrical

costume, and the right-hand man gave the middle man a bag of white cotton tied with a string. The receiver put the bag into his bosom, and immediately began to start and writhe in strange contortions of surprise and agony, so that he threw off his outer clothes in the commotion. The giver of the bag then came to see what was the matter, and took out of the man's bosom a large live snake, which he held by the neck, so that the fearful creature thrust out its tongue and coiled its body in great folds, and seemed bent on all sorts of mischief to his unhappy victim who had harbored him in his bosom. We left the game at this stage of proceedings, and the right-hand man, who gave the bag, was holding the snake so as most to frighten and torment the receiver by winding round his neck and arms. The crowd looked on eagerly, and seemed to think it great sport, while we drove away in disgust, glad that we had no city where such a nauseous show would be tolerated.

On Sunday we attended worship in the cathedral, visited the exquisite Church of San Martino on the heights, and rode to the tomb of Virgil, or what with some show of reason goes by that name, and also to the landing place of St. Paul. The next

day we visited Sorrento, and found the large population out in the streets and churches, in honor of All Saints' Day. Memorable indeed is the ride there, and the prospect. We rode through miles of groves of figs and olives, oranges and lemons, and purchased a safe permission to eat what we wished in an orange orchard, for we four persons found only four oranges there wholly ripe, and these were delicious beyond all comparison with any that I had ever tasted before. The season for ripening is not until February. We stopped at the English Hotel, where they told us that Longfellow spent a month last year, and Mrs. Beecher-Stowe wrote her novel "Agnes of Sorrento." As we revelled in the charming scenery and ate our bread and cheese, three Italians came along and played some pleasant airs, not forgetting our own Hail Columbia in the list, and helped to bring out the rich associations that gather about the place. I do not know of any such amphitheatre as that which holds the bay of Naples, and reaches from Sorrento to Pozzuoli, taking Naples and Vesuvius into its walls, and holding the isles of Capri and Ischia like giant watch-towers before its gates. Put together what you see and what you remember of the prospect and you

are startled by the panorama presented there. Vesuvius now quietly smoking his pipe, seems to remember all the mischief he has ever done ; and as you see Naples across the lovely bay, you are glad to think of the presence of nobler men there than of late have ruled her affairs. And as the night shadows gather over the landscape, Virgil and Dante come near to your imagination ; and St. Paul, who first touched Italy on that opposite shore, speaks to you of a faith and freedom and love that do not inspire this people and clergy, whose chief religious experience seems to be the supposed liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius once a year.

We were highly pleased with the great Museum at Naples, and grateful for the excellent order and service there. The ancient statuary is in its way unequalled, and with the bronzes from Pompeii and Herculaneum it restores to us the art and industry of two thousand years ago. One might study those collections a month and but begin to see their riches. Take nature and art together, and Naples offers to the visitor marvellous treasures, and you almost forget the lying and cheating of the people in the charms of the place.

At our hotel we were well cared for, and our

excellent Consul, Mr. Duncan, gave us such advice as to enable us to make our little purchases with confidence. It was pleasant to find a good American circle around him, and signs of religious life. We ourselves were a nice little party under our flag, and I was happy to ride about sight-seeing and sit at table with the American Senator, so shrewd, and calm, and kindly : his daughter so well-bred and so sensible ; and with Judge B —— so wide awake, so bookish and so good-hearted. We had a fine time at Naples, and were only sorry that our stay was so short. We could not spare time on All Souls' Day to go out to the Campo Santo and see the people adorn the graves of their kindred and friends with flowers by day and illuminate them by night. We saw them on the way, however, and were glad to find signs of the faith that inspires love either for the living or the dead.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ROME.



Rome, November 9, 1869.

I came to Rome on a dismal, rainy morning, October 23, and, leaving out the few days at Naples, I have been in this peerless city now nearly a fortnight. It is an increasing wonder, instruction and delight. The first view was a disappointment; and the railway station, which is a miserable, cramped affair, opens upon dreary ruins, that look like the remains of a great fire, and which rise into the picturesque, only when you learn that new and important excavations are going on there which are bringing to light the early days of Rome, and revealing the times of Servius Tullius and the kings. As you enter the city and come near the charming Pincian Hill the sense of oldness and ruin does not cease, and what passes as the new part of the city has a very ancient look. All the churches bear the

marks of time upon their walls, and those that have bright and magnificent interiors have the record of years on their fronts.

I went to St. Peter's, and was somewhat disappointed at its dingy exterior, but charmed and amazed by the beauty and grandeur within. The great colonnades of the side avenues and the high facade overpower the noble dome as you approach from the street, but the interior is the grandest that I have seen in Europe, although perhaps in solemnity it is surpassed by the Milan and Cologne cathedrals, if not by Westminster Abbey. How large is this constant and universal hospitality of the Catholic Church, that opens its fairest temples to poor and rich, and follows the bounty of God himself, who calls us all into his great temple, whose dome is the heavens! I feel constantly grateful for this kindness, and have enjoyed it in remote dreary villages, as well as in this city of Cæsars. Here every church has its own treasures, and the most exquisite art comes to the solemn footprints of the faithful to characterize and impress one.

I attended a festival at the church of St. Peter's on the first Sunday, and the services were



of beauty. It was in commemoration of Jesus of Nazareth, and was, I think, an effort to revive and represent His early home-life by appropriate pictures and music. The altar was a little paradise of lights and flowers; and the music was of the most exquisite character. It united a grand organ, an orchestra and a choir of men, among whom the tenor voices showed a marvellous sweetness and power, such as I never heard before. A bishop presided with great dignity, and his voice was full of tenderness and reverence. There was nothing of the sham so often seen in our Catholic churches; but there were real flowers, and marble, silver and gold. My companion, a thorough Puritan, allowed that he was charmed, and that he had seen this Catholic worship in its beauty for the first time in his life.

We afterwards visited the magnificent new Basilica of St. Paul, which is in its way as remarkable as St. Peter's, and we ended the day by a descent into the subterranean church of St. Clement, with its memorials of the primitive times. This church is under the present church of the same name, and is itself above a more ancient Roman house, from which every day before our visit two large wine jars were raised. So it is that in both

directions Rome is now travelling, and with one hand opening the past ages, while with the other hand she tries to master the new world.

I saw last Thursday one of the great festivals of the Roman Church, the annual visit of the Pope to the Church of St. Charles Borromeo. He came from the Vatican in full state, with a train of gorgeous carriages and a large escort of soldiers. We secured a good place within the church to see the services, and were not kept long waiting. First came a large guard with muskets and bayonets, who cleared the centre of the church for the procession, and stood on each side of the vacant space. Then entered a small and distinguished squad of officers of the body guard, who are said to be all of royal blood, and these stood on each side of the entrance to the altar. They were followed by a retinue of priests, bishops, archbishops and cardinals in full array, in the midst of whom appeared the Pope, seated upon a throne under a canopy, and borne upon the shoulders of stout men. The congregation, soldiers and all, except some stubborn Puritans, went down upon their knees as before the Vicar of Christ and the representative of heaven. I was not much impressed by the pageant. It seemed out of keeping with the

Christian religion, and not in the tone of exalted religious taste; in fact, more a provincial operatic show than a solemn festival of the Universal Church. Yet there was much that was instructive and elevating in the associations of the occasion. Borromeo is the most honored name in Northern Italy, and he was a rare example of piety and charity, practical wisdom and heroic purpose. The service at once aimed to open communication with the spirit of the mighty dead and to reclaim the recreant people of Milan and the North, who have in so many respects strayed from the old fold. I was willing to have part of the benediction, with which the Pope dismissed the assembly in a voice quite sweet and audible, for an old man's blessing should do every susceptible soul good, and this Roman Catholic Church is part, not the whole, of the great Church of God, and it is not for frail erring men like ourselves to deny the Christian name to the followers of Borromeo.

One is surprised at the apparent infrequency of preaching here. I have attended scores of churches during my five weeks in Italy, and have heard but one sermon, which was in the cathedral of Milan. At certain seasons it is not so, and in Lent, and

probably in Advent, preaching is frequent ; but how much the people lose by having in the main a ceremonial worship without constant instruction ! I could not but observe the contrast on Sunday last between the American chapel here in the morning and the Vespers at St. Peter's in the afternoon. Our American service was full of instruction, and I could not but wish that the whole Roman people could have heard those wholesome lessons from Proverbs and St. John's Gospel, and those prayers, which are the soul of their own ritual, and are too often left to the private hours of their priests. The sermon was practical, affectionate and devout, without straining at great effect, and the communion service was apostolic and edifying. The music was meagre indeed, and the congregation had to make up for the smallness of the choir, but the hymns were sacred household words, and carried us home to our country and our kindred. The afternoon service of Vespers at St. Peter's was splendid, I never heard such music from men. Now the full chorus from a hundred voices, and now a solo from a full-grown man, whose voice was a soprano.

The Magnificat, which is the evening hymn through Christendom, was magnificently sung, and

the face of Mary of Nazareth, over the altar, seemed to glow with joy at the words of that grand triumphal song. Yet the service was not to me so near true worship as that held in the upper room in the morning; and the lights, pictures, incense, priests and cardinals did not make up for the absence of the living word. I am very grateful for admission to all this beauty and magnificence; but when we compare the effect of such ceremonial worship for years with that of a more simple and instructive method, as shown in the condition of the Italian and the English and the American people, we are not likely to go over to the Roman policy or rule.

The face of Pius IX is pleasing, and gives the idea not so much of an heroic, aggressive will, as of a susceptible and devout nature. It seems to me that he is mastered by the Roman Catholic idea rather than master of it, and the persistency comes from his loyally following rather than boldly leading the doctrines and usages of his Church. He reminded me somewhat of two men most unlike him in destiny and disposition. As I looked at his mild and venerable face, I thought now of Edward Everett, the bland and conciliating statesman, and now of William H. Furness, the humane, devout

and radical divine. I do not believe that he will urge any new doctrines or startling policy upon the coming Council, but will put himself upon historical position, and make the Council a general review and muster of officers throughout Christendom, and a grand rally of the Church under more specific orders and with more direct connection between the members and the head. I gather this impression not only from my own thoughts, but from conversations with persons who are supposed to know what is going on at the Vatican.

Rome is a quiet city, with very much of a New England look in its order and solemnity. There is little noise, no show of drunkenness or licentiousness, and on Sundays it is the quietest place I have seen since leaving England. The stores are shut, and people go to church, and it is apparently the country folk who are the most stirring and who come in on Sunday to see the world. The sights, however, are anything but like New England, and you meet strange dresses everywhere — priests and monks in red or white, with all kinds of badges and symbols. The strangest dress of all is that of the Misericordia, which aims to make a mere bag of a man, with only his feet appearing below, and his

eyes peering above through two small holes. I met at Naples quite a procession of men in this costume, preceding a magnificent hearse, and followed by a train of priests and attendants. I see individuals thus dressed going about alone asking money for charity, and am told that some of the richest and noblest men of Rome belong to this order, and do periodical duty.

## NOTES IN ROME.

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Rome, November 17, 1869.

I have just returned from the requiem for Overbeck, at the Church of St. Bernard, a circular edifice built on the corner of the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian. He died last Friday, in that neighborhood, and these services were held in the regular parish church. A bishop presided, and the prayers and hymns were chanted by a choir of German theological students, who sat in the gallery of the chancel in their usual red costumes, and by the monks of St. Bernard, who stood behind the altar in their robes of white.

The body was placed within a square railing in the centre of the church. The rails were draped with rich stuff embroidered or painted with ghastly images of death, and the painter's hat of honor rested on a cushion, wrought with golden fleurs de lis, at



the head of the casket and a chaplet of laurel at the foot. The attendance was large, and the service stately. The usual preliminary office for the dead was sung, followed by the burial mass, and the great hymn, the "*Dies Iræ*," was chanted. Lighted candles were placed in the hands of the persons who sat next to the enclosure, who seemed to be artists and personal friends of the deceased. The services closed with a procession of the bishop and priests, during which the bishop gave the blessing of the water and of the censer. The scene was very impressive, especially when the bishop, priests and monks stood about the catafalque with lighted candles, within the hollow square formed by the artist's friends, also bearing candles. It would have been interesting to have had a sketch of the bright American girl, daughter of a distinguished sculptor, who held her light, like the wise virgin of the parable, her young face contrasting with the monks of St. Bernard, who chanted the dirge with all their hearts.

The service was grand, and could scarcely be surpassed, except by our simpler service, with its hymns and prayer and living word of tribute to the deceased ; that word may be said on some occasion

but I hear nothing of such intention. Overbeck was universally respected here for his purity and devotion, although the best artists severely criticise his manner, and think that he took the life-blood out of painting by depriving it of the full charm of color and insisting upon the sufficiency of drawing to represent life. I once edited his *Illustrations of the Gospels*, for the Appletons, and called him, in the preface, the Fra Angelico of his age. It may be said with truth that he differed from Angelico in this respect, that his sweet severity of style, was rather a protest against the new and progressive life of modern art, than like Angelico's austere loveliness—an effort to throw all possible humanity into art, in face of the dreary asceticism of his time. The Florentine monk tried to soften and idealize the old monasticism with his brush, while this German ascetic aimed to restore the austerity of the old monkish taste, and he is therefore a Pre-Raphaelite, born out of his time, and of the retrogressive, not the progressive school. Yet he has done lovely as well as holy work, and there is a great deal to be said for those pictures that try to give the soul and form, with as little as possible of the flesh and blood. There is a place for such pictures, and Roman artists to-day

may learn sanctity of Overbeck's pencil without the least fear of being as ascetic as he was. I once tried to set his works to the music of poetry for the American people at Christmas time, and this grand requiem woke many echoes from the great masters of song, whose works had been commentaries upon the painter's studies of the New Testament.

One learns gradually to understand the working of the Roman Church, and to read its thought and spirit. I attended a memorable service at this Church of St. Bernard, day before yesterday. It was one of a continuous series of services of forty hours each, in which the sacrament is exposed in turn throughout the year in the churches of the city. The wafer was placed above the high altar, amid a blaze of tapers, and the service was sung from the side altar, with responses from organ and choir from behind the high altar. The music was sweet, pathetic and devout, and such as became worshippers who believed that the very God was there, present with them in body as well as spirit. The people of Rome speak and act as if they believed this, and the Roman Church rests upon the doctrine of transubstantiation as its ground of authority and power. All the services on this occasion, and others, implied

this, and the leading scholars of the Catholic Church, with whom I converse, assure me that it is so. The power of the dread confessional rests upon the mass; no man can receive what is called the bread of God and food of angels without having made his peace by confession and received absolution. I am not now criticising the system, but simply describing its workings. This service is made to bear upon the Roman state, by closing with responsive prayers for the peace of Italy.

I am trying to look into Roman life and thought, and have had interesting interviews with several leading men here, such as the President of the American College in Rome, the Benedictine Professor of Theology of the Propaganda, a high official of the Society of the Jesuits, and the Professor of Astronomy at the Roman College, Father Secchi, who is also of the order of Jesuits. It is always best to go to the head-quarters, and I have made it my rule in Europe to seek knowledge of the men best informed in their several departments, instead of being content with the gossip of the hotels and journals. I did not know how these Roman priests would meet my blunt questions, but I have found them very courteous and communicative. They

are willing to give all possible information, while they try always to wedge in an argument for the authority of their own Church.

The American College here has fifty-three students, and the President, Dr. Chotard, is a Baltimore man of gentle spirit and fine culture. He assures me that our American Catholic clergy have great influence here, and that Dr. Corcoran, from Charleston is a theologian of remarkable learning and weight with the leaders of the Catholic Church, and that he has been nearly a year in close council with them as to the future position of the Roman clergy, and doctrine and discipline. I have received much kindness from the Benedictine father, Dr. Smith, who attended our party to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, the Cloisters of St. Paul, the old Church of St. Clement, and the Museum of the Lateran, and explained to us the antiquities there with great knowledge and care. He is to show me tomorrow the famous Vatican manuscript of the New Testament.

The Jesuit official interests me most, and gives me most information, while he does not disguise his aim to convert his listener. He is an acute learned and accomplished man, and appears sincere

and devout. He comes to see me with a jolly-faced brother of his order, and their contrasted faces are quite a study. I am impressed with the peculiar quality of the Italian mind, so different from the Germanic and American, and I find myself more and more differing, not only from his opinions, but from the man himself and his whole way of thinking. To him religion seems to be a kind of imperial code, and all you have to do is to accept the Pope's supremacy and everything else follows. He recognizes both the Greek and Germanic passion for absolute truth and right within the soul, and he regards them more as subjects of the Almighty King, than as children of the Heavenly Father. Yet he knows the phases of modern thought, and is a well-read and intelligent theologian. I am grateful to him for his kindness, and have no reason to doubt his devotion to his convictions, while he more and more deepens the old spirit of freedom of faith and love of constitutional and paternal order, instead of despotic rule.

The astronomer, Father Secchi, is a remarkable character, and the Catholics here are very proud of his scientific attainments, while they naturally magnify his rank among men of science and claim

for him the first place. I visited him with a friend from America, who carried to him some photographs of the last eclipse of the sun, and we were cordially received and taken into his observatory. It was quite a memorable experience to look out upon Rome from that tower of observation and talk with a Jesuit father upon the stars in sight of the Colosseum, the Pantheon and St. Peter's. He has a fine face, and is a genial, bright man, full of his vocation, not afraid of having his science damage his faith. He is now busy with observing the sun and stars with a view to the light of the spectrum, and showed us beautiful drawings of the results in colored light. He expressed great delight in the recent American discoveries in the Aurora Borealis, and showed us his famous clock for recording the changes of the barometer, thermometer and winds. He was cheerful, yet very much alone; and while there are plenty of men and boys to wait on every priest and procession, this old philosopher appeared to have nobody to help him, and said that he took the whole charge of the observatory himself.

So life goes with us in Rome, and I am trying to see and judge things as fairly as possible. The city is filling up, and every day brings new and

picturesque personages from far and near. I met several American archbishops and bishops last evening and had full and free conversation with them. A leading archbishop had just had a private interview with the Pope, whom he found very social and cheerful. He had also conversed with Cardinal Antonelli, whom he thought to be a great deal broken in health and power. He said that the Cardinal was simple and affectionate in his manners, and a very good Catholic, although not in priestly orders, but only a Cardinal deacon, and utterly scouted the stories told of his worldliness and laxity.

The English are coming here in force, bringing their prayer books and home ways with them. Dean Stanley, of Westminster, left for London to-day after charming us with his rich scholarship and genial manner.



## A SUNDAY IN ROME.

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December, 1869.

Not even the flood of strangers from all parts of the world changes essentially the regular order of church life at Rome. All goes on as it is written in the "Diario" that is published from year to year, and the novelty is not so much in the services at the various churches, as in the new faces and costumes that are present. My last week in Rome was full of interest and excitement. I supposed at first that the constant round of sensational festivals came from the approaching Council; but not so. The most startling dramatic effects were according to the book. When, for example, the Basilica of St. Cecilia was opened on Monday November 22, for High Mass and Vespers, the most delicious music sought to draw down that saint's benediction from heaven before that high altar, under which

the exquisite marble statue of her body, as found in the Catacomb of St. Calixtus, rested. At the same time that Catacomb was illuminated and mass said over her empty tomb there, the occasion was no novel appeal to that throng of bishops and priests, travellers and devotees just arrived in Rome, but according to the fixed order of the Roman Church.

Again on Tuesday, November 23, I attended Vespers in the Basilica Church of St. Chrysogono, across the Tiber, and heard the most exquisite music, and saw the magnificent service presided over by the stately Cardinal Pecci, who was escorted to the altar by a train of priests and monks, and who was met in the chancel by a company of Greek bishops with their striking oriental beards and picturesque robes. The peculiarity of the occasion was not in any musical service, but only in the unusual guests, some of whom, like myself, came from the newest of great nations to look within these walls upon inscriptions that bear the date of the third century. When, on that same day the Church of St. Clement held its grand festa, and the subterranean church and house below were illuminated for the inspection of the great company of devout visitors, all the startling contrast between

the past and present, the living people above and the dead who had lived below, ages since, when these deeps were on a level with the living street, all this was no new device for the season, but the established order of the year.

I had a good opportunity to see Rome in its round of events and characters on the previous Sunday, my last Sunday there, November 21. The visit to the Colosseum by moonlight the Saturday night before was a good preparation, a grand overture to Sunday's oratorio. I went with two young Englishmen who seemed to be earnest Catholics as well as agreeable and courteous gentlemen, and after a pleasant drive among the columns, arches and ruined works of that part of old Rome, we found ourselves among a dozen carriages at the gate of the great Flavian Amphitheatre, and face to face with the sentry, to whom we gave our tickets of admission. We spoke to him in French, and he replied in good-toned English, and in answer to our question as to the loneliness of his watch, he said that he did not mind it "for it was a jolly old place to be in;" and apparently it was all the more jolly from the good cigars that my companions put into his hands with true English fellowship in creature

comforts. We walked about the vast arena, and then, with torches and a guide, climbed the walls and looked down upon the huge structure in which some 87,000 spectators had met of old to see men and beasts contend for very life, and the blood of martyrs had been shed, on the spot where Christ's Cross now stood in the midst of the fourteen statues before which some priests, probably strangers like ourselves, were pacing with prayer-books in hand, and under the light of the full moon saying some office of devotion for the hour.

I started as early as possible on Sunday morning, and went first to the Church of St. Gregario, on the Cælian Hill, near the Arch of Constantine, hoping to be brought nearer to the times of Gregory the Great, who founded the church in the sixth century on the site of his father's house, and also to feel something of the power of that memorable missionary, Augustine, who is said to have gone from this very spot to carry Christianity to the people of England. Of course, this visit, brief as it was, was most suggestive, and started many thoughts as to the state of Christendom in the year 600, the unity of the Churches then, and the influence of that missionary's preaching upon the British race,

alike in putting down paganism and in reviving the remains of the primitive Christianity which was planted in Britain centuries previous. Many interesting works of art reward the taste of the visitor to this old church and its neighborhood, and there was nothing now to interrupt his study of them, as only two or three stray devotees were at their prayers, and it was not the hour of public worship.

I then went to St. Pudenziana, which is traditionally the oldest church in Rome, and erected, it is said, on the spot where St. Pudens, and his two daughters, Praxedis and Pudentiana lived. The mosaics behind the altar are as early as the fourth century, and are called the oldest Christian remains in Rome, and they show us the simplicity of the primitive symbolism by presenting the Evangelists on either side of the cross. The church was almost empty, and I remember no one there but the sacristan; but it was evident that the new zeal for restoring old shrines was vigorously at work there, and some fine decorations and repairs of the ceiling or roof were in progress. I have not looked into the proofs of the antiquity of the building, but it was evidently known and mentioned in the year 499, and is so far connected with primitive Christian life as to

carry us near to the times when a plain Christian man, with his two devout daughters, is said to have entertained in his house the fisherman Peter, whose successors have since put their foot upon the necks of princes, and in our times are calling for the homage of the world. Some bits of wood are here shown that are said to have been parts of St. Peter's table, but for the facts of the case I do not vouch.

At half-past ten, I reached the famous Church of the Capuchins, at the extremity of the Piazza Barberini; a church which was founded by Cardinal Barberini in 1624, and which is noted for the skeletons and bones in the crypt below. I had gone down the day before and seen those ghastly remains of the dead, those rosettes and chandeliers of bones, and dried dead bodies sitting and standing against the walls. The last of these bodies thus brought to light was buried in February 1867, and thus in less than three years that bed of Jerusalem earth had done its work with perhaps the help of lime. How startling the contrast between the grim horror beneath and the magnificence above. The church was adorned like a fairy palace. Over a score of chandeliers, apparently of cut glass, threw the lights of their tapers upon the festoons of silk and on the

garlands and vases of flowers. A large gallery seemed to have been especially erected for the band of a hundred singers and performers who rendered the grand mass of Rossini so effectively in presence of the crowd that thronged the building. Not the least touching part of the service was the chorus of children, which showed that these Capuchin fathers who had raised a cardinal in their ranks, had not lost all tender human feeling in their ascetic zeal and priestly pride. The festival, which seemed to turn upon a kind of miracle picture of the Virgin Mary, under the name of Mary of Good Hope, was to last several days, and the Sunday devotions were to end with a show of fire-works and a band of military music on the square in front of the church at night. This seemed odd to me ; but I am describing Rome and not criticising it.

I hurried away from Rossini's charming music to the Vatican, in answer to the invitation to be at the audience of Pius IX, which was brought to my hotel the afternoon before by a dragoon. At the appointed hour I found myself one of the hundred gentlemen and ladies seated on the sofas round the reception hall of the Papal Palace. His Holiness kept us waiting a half hour, and then came in

attended by two priests in purple, who acted as chamberlains. He surprised me by his vitality and even sprightliness, and seemed far younger and stronger than when I saw him in public, borne on the heads of men, in state, into the Church of San Carlo. His reception of the hundred guests was a fine piece of social generalship, and he had a pleasant word to say to every one, and appeared to chat with the ladies with all the vivacity of a gallant gentleman, and although I did not hear what he said, I could not but think as I saw the smiles on many of the fair devotees at his feet, that the Holy Father was mixing some sweet sauce of compliment with the wholesome medicine of his counsel. He gave me my portion without asking any questions that might have called out a reply, and called me by name and residence, giving his benediction and his hand. The faithful prostrated themselves flat upon the floor before him, as he walked or stood, and kissed the cross on his slipper—an act undoubtedly sincere and consistent in a thorough papist, but not pleasing as a matter of taste, nor acceptable generally, to those who look mainly to the New Testament for their code of faith and devotion.



Most of the guests brought crosses and rosaries to be blessed, and some very gentle hands bore great parcels of articles to receive the bountiful benediction, which was freely given. When he had completed the round of the palace hall he ascended a dais under a silken canopy, and gave us a very good little sermon in French, in a clear, sympathetic voice, with such gesture and expression of face as showed considerable power of oratory. He called us his children and asked us to live a godly life and remember the great judgement. At the close he leaned upon his two chamberlains, and left the hall not without some attempt in the fair devotees next to him to hold on to him to the last, so much so that the adhesiveness of one blond devotee assumed an almost dramatic intensity, and he released himself not without some strength in the fatherly tenderness of his hand. He impressed me favorably as a man of force and intelligence, as well as of kindness. His bright eye raised the question as to his temper, and led me to think that there is more fire in his nature than is commonly supposed. I can conceive of the old man having a tremendous will of his own, and being sometimes a pretty hard piece of the old Adam to contend

with. Yet he has great gentleness and affability, and in his little sermon there was pathos as well as solemnity.

The streets of Rome were full of picturesque objects. Here and there were fishermen solemnly crying their shining and scaly commodities through the city upon large trays, that might hold the greater fish of our waters; fruit and flower men and women offering choice riches of the garden, orchard and vineyard; rustics from the country, some of them in hairy breeches that made them look like the satyrs of old; dashing models from artists' studios, among them a group of masked men and boys from Spain, with shawls of magnificent dyes; monks, theological students, priests and bishops, in all the costumes of their orders—these and many others filled the ever changing picture that the street presented.

In the afternoon the Pincian Hill was thronged with carriages, riders and promenaders, and I looked towards St. Peter's, over the Piazza del Popolo, upon one of the most magnificent of sunsets, that seemed to be a banded scarf from the hand of Iris herself, let down from heaven to be either the wonder or despair of the scarf weavers of Rome. Near

by were the gardens of the Villa Borghese in almost summer freshness ; and just beneath where I stood four or five well-dressed youths were pitching coppers and a rough fellow in rags was looking eagerly on the game that he could not share. They stood near the old church where Martin Luther worshipped when he came to Rome, in 1510, and on my way to the hotel I went into the building to refresh my memory of the great reformer in that strange place. It was dark, and I had to feel my way, although there was service going on in a side chapel, and the priest was baptizing an infant. Luther came there in 1510, and went away, and his name and word are not dead yet, and even Roman Catholic Germany brings now to Rome a Lutheran element in her bishops and people. What is to be the future of Catholicism, and how far the Roman and the Catholic element of Christendom are to be reconciled or opposed to each other, this is the great religious question of our day. Perhaps of this question I have much to say, but there is no time for it now. With this letter I close my present series of off-hand communications to the readers of the EVENING POST, most thankful for their patient hearing during these seven months.

I will only add that we settled the Church question in a somewhat practical way on our voyage home, when Father B—— of Cincinnati preached in one cabin of the steamer to Romanists, while I preached in the other cabin, and kept my footing in spite of the rolling of the ship.



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